The Wolf
2001: BEYOND YEARBOOK
CHOLESTEROL FREE

J.M.

# Your guide to navigating this publication

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*At 19 or 20, most students have already experienced several incarnations of themselves -- the class clown in fourth grade and even the girl who walked into doors because she always had her head in a book by tenth grade. Professors and administrators are no different. They haven't always stood behind a podium and shuffled papers. In this series, The Wolf takes a look at some of the more interesting moments from Loyola's past lives.*

faculty staff

# past life REGRESSIONS

## Burying the Hatchet

I almost scared an elderly woman to death one time. I was a junior in high school, and on the student council. We had to go out to the Jesuit high school to decorate for the dance. My father had given me a ride out in the morning to school. We got the school truck and made this arrangement with a farmer to go into his cornfield and get some of his corn shucks, you know, to put around the pillars. It was going to be a real high school dance, you know? The "Fall Hop" or something else.

I'd brought a small hatchet with me to do the cutting down of the corn shucks. In those days, it was quite acceptable if you were in high school to hitchhike, or "thumb," as we'd call it. So there were a lot of kids who thumbed home from school every day at the end of the school day. So about noontime on Saturday, I'm out standing in front of the school on the road with my thumb out trying to get a ride. And I realize that people are glaring at me because in my other hand I'm holding this hatchet. So I put the hatchet inside my jacket, and kind of stuck the handle in my waistband.

In a few minutes, an elderly woman stopped and asked me how far I was going and I told her how far and she said, "Oh, get in and I'll drop you there." We had been driving for about two minutes when I realized this hatchet was really poking me in the chest. And I opened my jacket and took it out. And the poor ... we just veered all over the road. It's lucky we both weren't killed. I'm trying to explain as quickly as I can that this was for the decorations for the Fall Hop. She almost died of fright.

J.M.

## Like Pulling Teeth

When I got out of high school, I attended LSU dental school, and I got into the dental assistant program. It was like a nine-month program to teach you how to assist dentists and be certified so that you could get a little more money than just, you know, on-the job-training.

I was a smart-ass and was tired of being in school and I felt they weren't teaching me. We were assisting the third and fourth-year dental students in the actual clinic that LSU has. I felt like, "Shoot, I could do it. I don't need a piece of paper." I went for five months and then just dropped out.

I got a job with a dentist. Everything they taught me concerning hygiene, he did the exact opposite. All the ways to cut down on germs and make sure you completely sterilize the instruments and wipe the chairs down with alcohol — he did the exact opposite. He told me I was using too much alcohol. He told me that if we put a napkin down on a patient, and we didn't spill anything on that patient, to use it on the next patient. He told me I didn't have to sterilize the instruments after each patient, I could just rinse them off. So I was working for him, but I started feeling really bad about the hygiene part. He was wanting me to cut corners where I thought corners really shouldn't be cut.

So then, pretty much at the same time, the secretary quit. So I was in between patients, handling the phone, scheduling appointments and then running back and being his assistant. But he didn't increase my pay. So one day I told him, I said, "I'm going to lunch." And I left, but I didn't return. Two weeks later I went back to pick up my paycheck.

I couldn't take it. He refused to do everything that we were taught about being careful and cautious. Believe it or not, after I got a job at Loyola, I did a career day at one of the high schools and he was at the career day. He said that he'd tell everyone the story about him having a dental assistant that told him, "I'm going to lunch," and never came back.

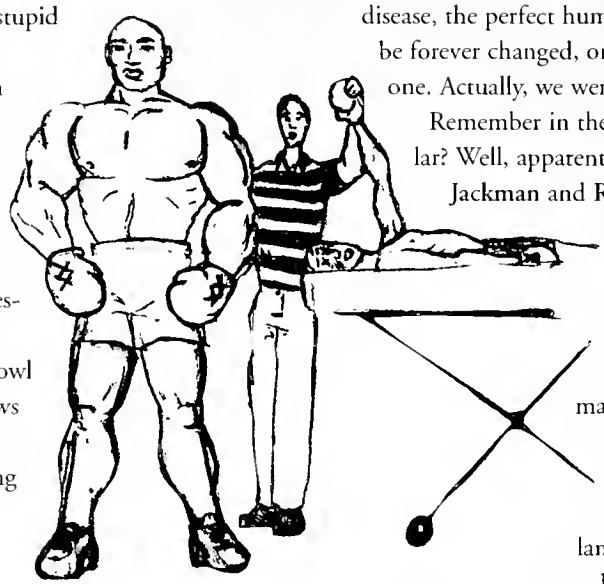
L.K.

# One Big, Stupid Year

It was the worst of times, it was the worst of times. That's right folks, this year was stupid — real, real stupid.

First and foremost, it was an election year and if we have learned anything from history it is the sad fact that elections are mind-numbingly dumb.

This year the majority of voting Americans voted for **Al Gore**. Therefore, we naturally handed the presidency to **George W. Bush**. This is the equivalent of paying $200 for Super Bowl tickets and seeing the Las Vegas Outlaws take on the New York/New Jersey Hitmen (**Jesse Ventura** fans are laughing real hard at that one).



"And the winner... by electoral college..."

In other election news, **Hillary Clinton** swept the New York election, proving once again that New Yorkers hate themselves more than they hate outsiders. But, of course, this also follows the trend of any recognizable name being elected to any office they choose. This is the same trend that gave us **Senator Bono**, **President Reagan** and **Governor Ventura** (Jessie joke number two).

Why, it seems **Chris Farley** could get elected if he wanted to. For those dubious folks rolling their eyes and thinking, "Duh, he's dead," you should know that a pulse is no longer a necessary trait in our elected officials. Proof of this can be found in the election of a **Missouri corpse** for senator.

This leads one to wonder if **Cheney** will still be V.P. after his ticker stops? Hopefully so.

Speaking of people who should die, it was a big year for **Puff Daddy**. He was in and out of court all year, and this time it wasn't for destroying other people's music. And speaking of destruction, **Jennifer Lopez** dumped him, and now you can safely return to your Lopez fantasies without fear of Puffy finding out and popping a cap in your ass.

In other **Sean Combs** news, he's changing his name, again. Starting June 1, 2001, Puff Daddy, formerly Sean Combs, will now be called **P. Diddy**. Since when are two names not enough for a pop icon ... Well, OK, **Prince** () (The Artist), (Little) **Johnny** (Cougar) (**Mellencamp**) and (**Jessie**) (The Body) (The Governor) **Ventura** (number three).

Scientists have mapped out the human genome, the biological keystone of human existence. This discovery could have profound and life-altering ramifications: future generations may never know disease, the perfect human form could be reached, human life will be forever changed, or so we heard. We kind of slept through this one. Actually, we were too busy reading **Harry Potter**.

Remember in the mid-1980s when **Australia** was really popular? Well, apparently it's happening again. With stars like **Hugh Jackman** and **Russel Crowe** tearing up the big screen, it's impossible to ignore the Land Down Under, no matter how hard we try. And speaking of Aussie's ripping things apart, there's **Meg Ryan** and **Dennis Quaid**. Rumor is that Russel was a big force in that marriage dissolving. He also shacked up with **Nicole Kidman** after her and **Tom Cruise** broke up. Then we gave the bastard the Oscar. No wonder this place is called the land of opportunity.

In other Aussie news, Subaru Outback spokesman **Paul Hogan** is starring in a new Crocodile Dundee movie (that creepy, cracking noise you hear is hell freezing over).

Speaking of freakish statistical anomalies, how 'bout dem Saints? That's right, playoff glory. After years and years of disappointments they finally kicked ass, and now they threaten to leave. Who says football has turned into a heartless corporate giant with no appreciation of its fans — oh wait, everybody does!

In other statistically boggling news, the American Navy did that which was thought to be impossible. The **Village People**'s favorite branch of the Armed Services actually tipped over a Japanese tour boat when one of its submarines surfaced without warning. Oopsies. It makes you wonder how many dozens of pictures there were of the sub hitting the boat.

Also, nature defied baseball this season when a bird was hit by a pitch. Yes! A bird flew into the flight zone of a baseball as it went from pitcher to batter. Frankly, watching the slo-mo replay of a pigeon exploding is fantastic. The pitch, of course, was called foul.

On the silver screen, "**Temptation Island**" debuted this year. Never before has shallow, malicious, manipulative, oversexed television been soooooo goooood. The icing on the deliciously smutty cake was that the host was fresh from his announcing duty of Lifetime's "Shop 'til You Drop." Even we were impressed.

In other TV news, the word f— was used twice during the Super Bowl. That's right, one lucky player on each of the competing teams got to drop the F-bomb. Always up to the minute, CBS failed to catch either of the naughty words as they leapt joyously from the players' mouths. Possibly the only thing more infuriating than this

blatant disregard for broadcasting laws was the fact that *absolutely no one mentioned it.* We scoured any sports coverage for colorful commentary and got nothing. Wait ... maybe that means we broke the story. Well folks, thanks for being here for this journalistic coup.

This year the Yankee towns of Seattle and Philadelphia had their own Mardi Gras celebrations that turned into violent riots. On the bright side, next year's "Girls Gone Wild!" and "COPS — Too Hot For TV" will be on the same tape.

A U.S. spy plane collided with a Chinese fighter jet over the South China Sea. Twenty-four people were held by the Chinese government for a short period of time. They weren't hostages, but guests. To quote one U.S. general: "Hostages aren't treated this well." After all, the AAA motor guide gives the Chinese prison camps four stars. To quote the guide: "The atmosphere was quaint and the food was spectacular. Unfortunately, the beds were a little small."

One of the big stories in technology news this year was the "**I Love You" computer virus**. This was a virus that transferred through e-mail with the subject heading of "I Love You." And just like every other time you've heard "I Love You," it runs through your life and destroys everything.

"Damn. I missed another election."

Our favorite news story of the year was one you may not have heard. We want to reinforce that *this story is completely true.* In January, 10,000 **monkeys** stormed the Indian capitol building at New Delhi. The building had to be evacuated and the army called in. Apparently, New Delhi had been expanding into the forest surrounding it, and finally the primates got sick of it.

We don't have any jokes for this one, folks, but come on — 10,000 monkeys attacking a building? That's funny.

Well, as you can see, the news this year was stupid, but at least it was entertaining. At least we know that if, next year, 10,000 genetically engineered monkeys steal a submarine and run for public office using "I Love You" as their campaign slogan (while starting Mardi Gras riots at Saints games because the players won't stop swearing) and rake U.S. hostages to Temptation Island, at least we know we have **Jessie Ventura** on our side (number four).

P.S.: Sorry about all the Jessie jokes, but we've been watching *Predator* a lot lately.

*— James Asmus, Rick Malphrus and Chico McMullan*

We are against the Future. The Future is as cold and sterile as the body of an old man who has died. That body is the past. We are against dead things.

America, whom we love more than our own genitals, is in love with the Future. She does not realize that that man, whom she has always regarded as her father, is quite as dead as she is. She loves the 21st century, HAL, George Jetson, hovering cars, food in pill form, day trips to Mars, millennialism and the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. She loves post-modernism, science fiction, Arthur C. Clark and space travel. She goes into raptures over NASA. She forgets that all of these things are the same as progress.

Progress is like cancer. It grows out of control. It kills the living system around it. Progress is about changing the internal structure of a thing. It is about turning the system against itself, about making a new organism; something bigger, fiercer, less opposed to the bad things it was opposed to before. It is about letting the police form SWAT teams and violate posse commotatus, about faith-based funding shredding the 1st Amendment, about the metastasis of the various Militia movements (particularly those in Utah).

Its symptoms are school shootings and the outrage over school shootings, and voyeuristic, hyper-sexualized hyper-violence in movies, music, TV (i.e. Eminem, Britney Spears, the World Wresting Federation and "Survivor"). It is also about censorship and self-righteous, moralizing criticism — for example, Jerry Falwell, liberalism, the V-chip, the Motion Picture Association of America and Tipper Gore. It is about anyone who demands that all of society protect her or his children.

Progress is George W. Bush as president. Progress would also have been Al Gore as president. Progress is about the fact that one went to Harvard, the other to Yale. Progress is the fact that both were the career politician sons of career politician fathers. Progress is that the election was so close that Florida nearly erupted in civil war. Progress is that anyone even cared.

Progress is about politics. John McCain, indicted for influence peddling in 1988, now rails against corruption: "We must reform campaign finance!" Progress being hypocrisy; Ralph Nader promising us freedom from freedom with a socialist grin, a fanatical belief in government and a half-anarchist constituency.

It is taught in law school. Progress tells us that a Corporation, a group of people, is an individual. It can make arguments for slavery. Progress can see people as if they were property. It is against common sense. It is logical without being rational. It is unemotional. It understands the need for a gas chamber, an MX missile, a Sea Wolf attack sub and mutually assured destruction.

We love America. Unfortunately, we are convinced that she's not too bright. We would love her more if she stopped loving the Future. The Future, of course, is a disease. We haven't found the cure.

Of course, we probably wouldn't have minded the end of the world, one last party New Year's Eve waiting for existence to end. Things are so much easier when you don't exist. *— Adam Huberty*

# SOJOURNING in

Loyola's Third World Insertion Program (TWINS) was founded eight years ago by a group of students interested in learning about true poverty. Father Eddie Gros and Father Joe Currie, former dean of Campus Ministry, took several students to Nicaragua to live in the same community as Currie's Jesuit twin brother. The program returned this Christmas break to take eight students on a four-week excursion to rural Arenal, Nicaragua.

Our goal was not to teach religion, build bridges or spread American culture. Instead, we wanted to attune ourselves to the rhythms of *campesino* life. Nicaragua had its challenges for us: sleeping on boards, using outhouses, bathing with buckets of cold water and eating rice and beans at every meal. However, living among these people was an incredible experience. We'll never forget their smiling faces, the lush green mountains, the beauty of volcanoes fuming in the distance and the sound of children playing outdoors. We miss our adopted "mama" and "papa." We fell in love with these *Nicaraguenza* and their world.

I feel like people are individual jigsaw puzzles; each person we encounter in our lives, no matter how long or short, positive or negative the duration, adds a piece to our puzzle. We are who we are by who we meet.

The people of Nicaragua have added so many pieces to my puzzle. Pieces that I wish could be integrated into every person's life. These additions to my personage are pieces of patience, softness and excitement for life. The further beauty of their gift to my life is the manner to which I procured the pieces ... shared with me as a way of living, not as single rare moments of goodness. This was their life; these were the people of Nicaragua. People who lived to share peace and love and the spirit to live. I leave Nicaragua with the want to continue this consistent cycle unto others.

— *Theresa Chardos*

While in Central America, we attended daily meetings with different community groups, such as the teachers, health workers, the youth group and the men and women's agricultural cooperatives. Learning about the history of these groups and the hurdles they must overcome assisted our "enculturation" process and gave us a wider view of life in Arenal.

— *Jackson Stephens, Rachel Delatte*

# Central America

It is easy to become convinced that our own culture encompasses the "best" and the "right" way of doing things. Through living as part of Arenal, we discovered in a very real way that different is not "lesser" but rather an equally viable, important and necessary way of being. Keeping our hearts and minds open to different politics, religion, community and ways of living the land can help us feel and believe in the common bond of being human that unites us all.

*– Betsy Mathews*

Our arrival began with a party and ended with one. We visited a place called "El Mirador," or "Lookout Point," where we had a great view of the lake and a constantly clouded volcano. On another occasion, we took a community youth group to a smaller active volcano, and took many trips out into the beautiful towns.

In the community, the festivities were nonstop. We celebrated first communions, Christmas, New Year's Eve, and prayer services for the Immaculate Conception called "Purísimas." The celebrations and outings strengthened our feeling that life should be lived as a consistent celebration of community.

*– Kurt Gerwitz*

One of the greatest obstacles for some of the TWINS, besides the language barrier, was growing accustomed to daily living. We all learned new ways of doing things, from taking showers to washing clothes. Even something as simple as peeling and eating an orange could become an afternoon lesson. I learned how to slow down and appreciate each motion of the day, whether I was helping to pick beans or just sitting and talking with our family.

Because it was the New Year season and the kids were on vacation from school, we participated in many fiestas. We shared delicious food, and candy from the piñata, but the parties were centered mainly around family. One of the things that touched me the most was being so freely accepted as a member of the Calero family.

*– Rachel Delatte*

# Summer Stinks

## and this yearbook isn't much better...

Hey! I want a "Wolf," too.

It's that time again. Yes, another school year has flown by, so consider yourself 25 percent closer to done. Or just plain done if you're graduating, dropping out or pregnant.

In retrospect, history pretty much wrote itself this year. The library implemented a new cup policy. We got a statue. It rained some. But unfortunately, like "Survivor II," Bette Midler's sitcom and the XFL, all good things must come to an end.

And now there's nothing left but that arduous, annual void — summer vacation. Yuck.

If you ask me, the underlying problem on this campus, not to mention this city, is too much damn free time. And here we are implementing gobs of it and exacerbating the sloth. The truth is, we would all be better off if the administration would just can summer vacation altogether. I mean, sure, it was a novel experiment, but in practice it just ain't worth its salt.

I just can't believe for a minute that even Einstein's summer va-cay would have been all that productive. They're simply not designed that way. I try not to kid myself. In all honesty, I know I'm not going to be earning a doctorate over break. I'm probably just going to be working at Taco Bell.

If I have to burn my brain cells out slowly, I'd rather be doing it here at Loyola on Grecian philosophy then back home in Jersey on Fresca and B movies. All that relaxation makes me edgy. But then again, I don't know how to manage time all that well.

If I could smite a season, summer would certainly be it. In addition to being grossly unproductive, summer is just plain trailer. Everything has this morosely tacky feel to it, kind of like being stuck in the '80s for three months, but stickier.

Between the gaudy pool and patio sales that make every store feel like a freakish circus K-Mart and the way your dad looks in sandals, there's just nothing hip about the summer. Trust me, there isn't a person on earth who's batting a thousand in the slickness inning while panting over a citronella candle and sucking back a caffeine-free Pepsi at a family barbecue.

I tell you, I wouldn't pay one red cent for citronella, anyway. The possibility of having something interesting like malaria is one of the few things that keep me from going totally mad with boredom while I pine for academia.

Another irritating thing about the detestable season is summer folk. If there's anything I can't stand it's summer folk. You know the ones — those sub-par, plasticky people you work with, with tans like common farm hands. They become your fill-in friends, your temporary posse. Basically, they'll do. They're the ones you cavort with on those sallow summer nights, causing a forgettable ruckus and making feeble inside jokes inside filthy all night diners.

As a rule of thumb, if it looked lame when the cast of "Saved by the Bell" tried to pull it off, it's going to look triple lame when you give it a whirl. So stay in if you have to. For God's sake, don't be those people.

But perhaps the most mega-chafing staple of summer is the yearbook. For most of the summer, my yearbook sits on my desk, a formal reminder that I spent the better part of the year feigning cleverness halfway across the country. But by mid-July I get all soft and start ogling the thing like it's the *magnum opus* of the Wolfpack.

Oy! It's fool's gold! After all, how could you trust anything that defines Loyolaness as Loup Garou? And did you ever try actually *reading* a yearbook? To make a long story short, it's not *The New Yorker,* and all your friends are stupid looking.

If I were you, I'd ditch this dud publication like a pierced placenta and try to salvage at least a platelet of your dignity because the only thing worse than pouring over the pictures like some co-dependant yokel is reading it cover to cover. — *Danielle P. Mastropiero*

# SLACK JAWS AND BLOODY ORIFICES

When John Cleese of Monty Python fame produced his gitty (oh, pardon me, "witty") sketch comedy film *How to Irritate People*, he could have had no clue as to the severity and ubiquity of the "aggravations" he so Englishly parodied. This film about common social and interpersonal vexations has awakened in many an awareness of the utterly stupid, insidious and asinine proclivities of our, ahem, "thinking" species.

That's why I think it's important that we establish guidelines for successful annoyance; what fun is amicable, enjoyable nuisance? Admit it — you like the response of overworked, undermedicated individuals whose tolerance for idiocy and aggravation is so low that they hemorrhage. After all, how many of us have seen a blood-spurting orifice often enough to appreciate it fully? Not me. And that is precisely why there needs to be a detailed "how-to" dictionary of annoyance. So. Here we go.

Cliches are a wonderful introductory pestilence; you can use them in everyday parlance and get away scot-free. Approach an unlikely victim and try to steam his clams. With an A+ effort, you might get a roll of the eyes or maybe even some mild profanity. Don't stop there, though. I've found that if you start modern and wax anachronistic, you can cause some interesting fluctuations in mood. As if that weren't satisfying enough, you may evoke a violent outburst, which is always fun in public, and just delicious around clergy. Which brings me to my next topic.

Never, ever, *ever* finish a thought. Wrap yourself in ambiguity like an animal in a wrapable substance. This method works best with rational, loud, type-A people. For fun with friends, add an element of guilt or feigned melancholia; you'll have them pleading with you for the cause. No worries, though — it'll change to anger quicker than you can say, "I can't really explain it."

Another favorite combination is the vague-noncommittal-indecisive-yet-opinionated. Just wait till you try and dine out. You'll go through every restaurant in your metropolitan area and probably twice unless someone strangles you first.

The all-time best aggravator of friends has to be the expected-yet-undeserved favor. I can't tell you how many times the Kramer technique has worked for me. I haven't paid for dinner in three months (sorry Lori)[SEE FAKE APOLOGY SECTION]. The key is to wait until the very last possible minute and then let loose an anxious deluge of emergency. Very few individuals have the intestinal fortitude to withstand a frantic cry for help. This one is my favorite because not only do you exasperate the subject, you get stuff too! Cleese illustrated the drop hints until you war down their selfishness; I personally don't think you could pull this one off in warm-as-toast America. You're liable to be shot or spat upon.

For the ultimate in aggravation, poor genes and lead paint are your best friends because nobody likes a stupid. Whether genuine or affected, lack of basic common sense and fundamental life skills can drive anyone to fits of frothy-mouthed, hysterical anguish. Plus, if you really are a moron, you won't even notice that you are starting a riot and you might exacerbate the situation to the bludgeoning-with-anything-nearby level.

It should be noted that most dolts and imbeciles come in several "flavors," if you will — pretentious to communist, theist to atheist, Rainbow Brite to Smurf. Flavor is usually a matter of style to the connoisseur of agitation. However, you may encounter individuals so absolutely devoid of brain function that they are annoying if only for their slack jaws and interest in philosophy.

Just as a little exercise, I have included several other modes of botherment that are implicit within the text. See if you can find them! In the meantime, don't pay any attention to this article, and know that bloody orifices are usually the indicators of a serious medical condition. Besides, if you are dumb enough to try this already, you don't *need* any help. So piss off.

— *Weston Probst*

# Thievin' & Goofy Hats

courtesy of Mark Rubenfeld

I babysat at 12 and stole the Simon and Garfunkel album "Wednesday Morning 3 A.M." from the house, but I was a very good babysitter besides that, and all these years later I still feel guilty about that.

My stepbrother was asked to babysit the next Friday and he got blamed for it. But that's OK — he was my stepbrother.

But I was good with the kids, and as I said, at least I had a conscience to feel guilty about it. I did want to bring it back but I was too afraid of getting caught bringing it back so I figured if I got away with stealing it I wasn't going to try to sneak it back into the house and put it back.

My first job was a paper route and my mom did most of it. Whenever it rained or the weather was bad or the weather was cold or I was tired or I had too many papers, I had two perfect words: "Hey Mom!"

I ended up losing money on those jobs because in those days you had to collect and so you had to go around house-to-house with a little blue book and collect the money from people that always managed not to be home — tipped horribly — and I ended up having to pay more for the papers then I was getting from the revenue. That, and the fact that occasionally I was just too tired to collect or forgot about it completely and so they got not to pay for a week and I paid for it out of my pocket.

For a while I served people at Nathan's Hot Dog stand at Oceanside, N.Y., and I had to wear a goofy hat. Which I didn't enjoy wearing. So that job didn't last very long, either. But when nobody was looking, I'd eat the hot dogs.

That was a great job, though, because they had an arcade that was part of it and there were the old games like Pong and Space Invaders. I would take 20-minute breaks to play the games in the arcade along with pinball.

I worked as a busboy at the Woodmere Country Club when I was 16. I thought it was going to be a great way to meet rich people and their daughters.

That job lasted a day. It was a lot of work. It was a heck of a lot of work. I had snotty people with blue hair ordering me around, and when I would ask them, "Would you like a drink?" they would say, "Well, did I *ask* for a drink?" They treated me just like a busboy, which I was not prepared for.

The very next day, I called up the boss and I did what any young man in that position would do at 16 — I lied. I told him that I fell out of a tree and broke my arm.

Never got paid for that day, either ...

*— interview by Danielle P. Mastropiero*

# Go West Young Man

Frank Mayes
music instructor

L.K.

I paid my way through college in North Texas playing with big bands at country clubs. It was like a womb, but it got old after a while. People kick your stand over and don't say anything.

Some of them were happy when Kennedy got killed. I was playing a gig at the country club in Orodessa. It was the only one that stayed open when the president died. I remember overhearing two guys in the bathroom and one said to the other, "I sure am glad they finally got that son-of-a-bitch." ... It was 1966. I felt society was kind of getting negative with the Vietnam affair and I really wanted to get into young people's music instead of playing for old people all the time.

I got on the road with all of my stuff in the car, and headed west, following the words of Horace Greeley who said, "Go West, young man." I took off and the first stop was Las Vegas. I got there and I didn't like it much. I wasn't into gambling, and how many times can you see Hoover dam? It just didn't seem like the right place.

I went to San Francisco for a couple days and decided to move there instead. That lasted a couple months and then I went to Los Angeles. A friend of mine had rented an apartment for six months in advance. He was playing with the Sir Douglas Quintet, which was very popular. He had a lot of money at the time and he decided to move in with his girlfriend and so his place was vacant. He asked me if I wanted to live there. I said yeah. It was in Malibu right across from the Pacific Coast.

They used to call where he lived "The Gulch." If you go down to the end of Topanga Canyon Boulevard and turn right on Pacific Coast Highway and make your first right down a very steep hill, then it was in this little pocket of about 10 to 15 bungalows. I got a job playing saxophone with a small combo, a Hammond organ trio: organ, drums and myself.

It was while I was on that gig that my house burned down. Four of the houses were wired together and the caretaker decided he'd put pennies in the fuse box instead of buying fuses. The wiring got too hot and started the fire.

I was playing my gig and I got in about four in the morning and took a look and noticed something was wrong. There were a lot of hedges around the house. I really couldn't see anything until I went to turn the light on and then I looked up to the ceiling where the light was and noticed I could see the stars and the moon. I lost all my clothes and records that I'd collected for years. I lost everything but my horns because I had them at the club with me that night.

Without any clothes, I figured I'd have to stop playing in tuxedo bands. I went to a cheap clothing store, let my hair grow long and started playing in a rock and roll band.

*— interview by Luke Kummer*

# THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORTS

Sarah Lewert

## Intramural Football

Mike Karam, history senior and member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, runs with the ball in an exciting game of the 2000 intramural football season. Aided this year by the use of Avenger Field, land located near the Fly and rented to Loyola, intramural football made a triumphant return to Loyola. Sigma Phi Epsilon took the crown in the men's division.

Sarah Lewert

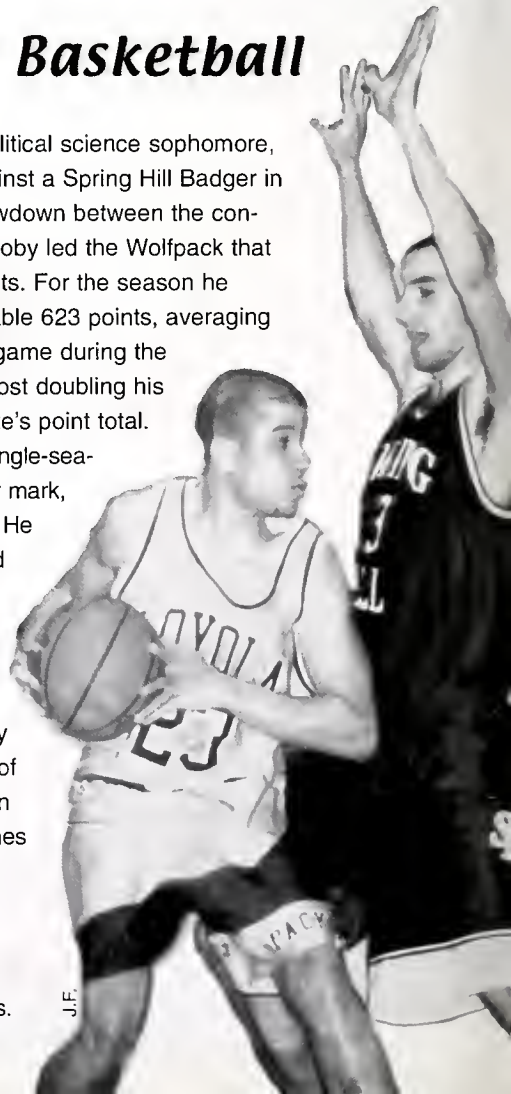
Bea Forlano, management freshman, swoops past a defender during women's rugby practice. With the help of the New Orleans women's semi-pro team, the Half-Moons and the Loyola men's team, the women's rugby team toughed out a rocky season.

A lack of committed players left the team with a skeleton squad at times, but all in all, the team fared well, especially when paired up with the Half Moons. Gail Henry, biology sophomore and team president, said in *The Maroon* that because of the number of players, the team would look forward to a relaxed semester.

## Men's Basketball

Mack Doby, political science sophomore, matches up against a Spring Hill Badger in the Jan. 13 showdown between the conference rivals. Doby led the Wolfpack that day with 16 points. For the season he made a remarkable 623 points, averaging 18.9 points per game during the season and almost doubling his closest teammate's point total.

He broke the single-season three-pointer mark, hitting 120 treys. He destroyed the old mark of 78, a mark set by Jerrod Kincaid in 1998. Doby also nailed a very solid 82 percent of his free throws. In 24 of the 32 games the Wolfpack played, Doby led them in points, including four of Loyola's five wins.



J.F.

# Cross Country

Stephanie Legleu, history junior, gets a strenuous stretch before cross country practice. Although the team lost its most prolific runner, Sean Fitzwilliam, A'99, in 1999, the depth provided by Legleu and a host of others kept them running strong throughout the 2000 season. The team's strongest showing came in the GCAC Championship meet in New Orleans.

The men's team won its division while the women came in second in their section. Legleu came in second, and four Wolfpack runners finished in the top 10. On the men's side, Kevin Fitzwilliam, communications sophomore, led his group with a third place finish, while two other Wolfpack men finished in the top 10. This performance allowed five Loyola runners to make the trip to Kenosha, Wis., for the NAIA Championships, the national cross country tournament.

Lasha Harden

Craig Morris

# Women's Soccer

Head coach Emmy Therrell talks to her team after its loss to Belhaven on Sept. 20. That loss was part of a streak of 10 the 'Pack had to open the 2000 season. However, the team bounced back to win five of its last eight games to finish the season with a 5-12-1 record.

Sara Haydel, psychology senior, was a bright spot for the Wolfpack. She had 10 points on the year with four goals and two assists. Despite the setbacks of 2000, Loyola will look to develop its nine freshman in the upcoming years to form a cohesive, winning group.

# Intramural Softball

Corrie Scully, communications junior and Delta Gamma team member, goes batty against Theta Phi Alpha in the 2001 women's intramural softball title game. Delta Gamma won the game 20-5 to capture their second straight softball title.

On the men's side, Sigma Phi Epsilon defended their championship against the Burps. Much like football, softball gained popularity because of the use of Avenger Field. Mike Berthelot, coordinator of Recreational sports, said that softball saw almost no forfeits this year. Compared to 2000, in which almost 50 percent of the games, held at City Park, were forfeited, this season was paradise.

J.F.

Phil Pearson

# Baseball

Brian VanHaverbeke gloves a pickoff play in a game against Belhaven College. The 'Pack baseball team has fared very well in 2001, with a 10-game winning streak and several players named NAIA Region 13 Player of the Week.

Loyola was hard-pressed to match the success of last year, in which the team broke the school record for wins and had a player drafted into the majors. They have persevered and their success, which included leading their conference during the season, has been just as intriguing — if not more — than last year.

Half of the 36 players on the Wolfpack's roster are either sophomores or freshmen, and the team will look to add maturity and skill to go far into the post-season this year and next.

# Track

Kevin Fitzwilliam leads another runner at the UNO Invitational held in New Orleans. In this race, Mike Gulotta, history freshman, broke the Loyola record in the 5,000-meter race with a time of 16 minutes and 21 seconds.

Stephanie Legleu, history junior, also broke the Loyola record in the 5,000 not once but twice in two weeks, shattering the old record by almost 37 seconds. The team got a boost this year from Gulotta and accounting freshman Shelly Navarre, who both ran in top times for the Wolfpack. The next few years will be worth watching as these two gain experience and strength.

Crystal Bolner

Lasha Harden

# Volleyball

Melissa Showalter, communications freshman, goes up for a slam. She and the Wolfpack went 15-15 in 2000, a year that rocked the volleyball program at Loyola.

Before the season began, the team learned that the Gulf Coast Athletic Conference had disbanded it's volleyball section, so the team would struggle to gain entry into an NAIA Regional tournament at the end of the year. Despite these hardships, the 'Pack did get into NAIA Regional, only to lose in the semis of that tournament.

The real leader of the team was Maggie Schaefer, communications sophomore, who led the team with a phenomenal 472 kills, averaging 4.5 kills a game. Suzi Ruiz, elementary education freshman, led Loyola with an awesome 1,134 assists.

*— Phillip Watson*

# XFHELL

Tracy Vongruven

As the XFL enters the playoffs, four teams remain standing in hopes of obtaining 1 million dollars.

The only problem is nobody cares, dashing Vince McMahon's hopes of asserting football year round and sending him running back to the WWF with his tail between his legs.

Known best for bringing wrestling into the homes of families across the nation, McMahon's newest stunt has received mixed reviews. The little excitement the XFL brought with it in week one quickly faded as its television reviews dropped to an all-time low.

According to the *Chicago Tribune*, the Las Vegas-Birmingham game produced a 1.6 rating, which was one percentage point lower than the previous low set by ABC's airing of "Timecop" back on July 4, 1998. The one thing that is set in stone next year is that NBC won't be a part of it anymore. The blockbuster corporation is taking its business elsewhere.

The only thing that could save the XFL from hitting the public access channel is Hulk Hogan himself. Throw in Andre the Giant at guard, the Junk Yard Dog at fullback, Jimmy "Super Fly" Snuka at wide receiver and we've got ourselves a ball game.

The league was assembled to bring a new aspect of football into people's homes. The players do not receive million-dollar contracts, there are no fair catches and late hits are encouraged. Unfortunately, nobody is around to watch the games. The games, which are played on Saturday and Sunday, now have to compete with the boys of summer. Minnesota Governor Jessie "The Body" Ventura announces most of the games. When the season ends this year, hopefully he'll go back up north.

If I had a choice between watching Roger Clemens pitch, Mark McGuire hit or mold grow on bread, I would pick either of the three before I flipped over to watch a guy named "He Hate Me" run the 40 in 6.3. For those who have not watched, the players can choose their own names.

Nearly through its first season, the XFL appears to be on the verge of becoming the New Coke of televised sports. It looks all right, it has a familiar name, but it's just not the same.

Vince McMahon is a talented man. He has built the WWF into an empire. He has been able to make the "Mullet Men" around the country get out of their trailer parks, wake up their in-laws and watch some good old fashioned wrastling (I misspelled the word on purpose).

However, all good things must come to an end. The light in the XFL's tunnel is fading away and Vince McMahon should realize that the bell has tolled.

Along with being the godfather of the WWF, he has now purchased the WCW from Ted Turner. McMahon should be like Mike and get out on top. — *Todd Bradley*

# Basketball 4-North Style

4-North is one of those stories that makes you remember why sports bring guys together better than most things in the world. It is a modern day *Rudy*, if you will.

"We all lived on the same floor one year, and we wanted to play basketball," said Wayne Emilien, computer science senior. "So, we decided that we should start an intramural basketball team."

Although some team members have moved away or graduated and the old Biever 4-North is recent history, the team is still going strong. Brent Hernandez, classical studies senior and team captain, joined the team in its first year and has played ever since.

"This year we had two new starters, but it's basically been the same group of guys," Hernandez said.

Chris Dupree, Loyola A'00 who now works in the Office of Student Records, remembers his experience in 4-North fondly.

"It was a lot of fun, and we were always pretty good," Dupree said.

Now that it has been three years since that first team, some new members have come on to replace the seniors.

"It was my freshman year when the guys asked me to join the team," said Ernest Turner, jazz studies sophomore. It is Turner's second year on the team. "I think it's great," he said. "It is a great way to play competitive games without having to invest the amount of time needed to play at the college level."

The team has had a lot of success over its life span. During all of the seasons, they have made it to conference finals or better. In the first season and this past season, 4-North lost to ADG gold in the finals, and during the year between those 4-North was no stranger to playoff competition.

Steve Wade provides some kind of coaching for the team, but 4-North is basically a bunch of guys playing basketball. "It's a lot of fun playing with the same group of guys who you have known for years," Emilien said.

"We never really have practices," Hernandez said. "We basically just come out 30 minutes before the game and shoot around."

This year, 4-North also tried its hand at intramural football, but basketball is still the sport of choice. And losing is still the most difficult part of the game, as it always will be.

"With intramurals, you can have a really good team and lose because the other team can just catch on fire one night," Emilien said. "If that happens in the playoffs, you don't have another game."

Aside from the playoffs, the basketball court has been the setting for some good times.

"I was all the way down court, and I completely missed a lay-up," Hernandez said. "We were just starting to mess around because we were so far ahead of this team, but I ran back down the court with my jersey over my head because that was really stupid."

So after three years of combat on the court, 4-North is still a powerful force in the Loyola basketball community. Most of the guys are graduating or moving away this year, however, and it's doubtful the team will outlast the new Biever as it did the old.

"It was a lot of fun, but about 90 percent of the guys are leaving, so it looks like it is a slim to none chance that it will continue, but I hope it does," Hernandez said.

The rest of the intramural teams will probably not shed a tear if 4-North stops kicking butt and taking names. *— Joe Halm — photos by Luke Kummer*

# From the Highlight Reel

Senior Anand Viswanathan gets big on the court.

Team founders Brent Hernandez and Wayne Emilien hope 4-North will remain strong.

Talib Burrell rips down another rebound from the boards.

Vince puts the period on a "fast break."

# THE ADVENTURES OF
# SNAKE BOY

Under artificial lights in a Monroe lab, Adam Oliver is fondling venomous snakes. And he's liking it.

"I ran with knives when I was little," the biology senior says. "If it's not shiny and can't kill you, I'm not interested in it."

The snake he's messing with is an *Agkistrodon Piscivorus Leucostoma*, or Western Cottonmouth. In the wild, this snake is a guerrilla hunter, waiting in covered areas for prey to walk within striking distance. The snake has pits on its snout that can sense heat several yards away. Adam is about a yard away, holding the thing with a metal hook.

"Venom is an interesting piece of evolution," he says. "How'd it come about? How'd fangs develop? This is neat stuff, you know."

Venom is Adam's area of study. He is collecting jars of the poison for a project he's doing with Environmental Communications Chair Bob Thomas and associate chemistry professor Bill Walkenhorst. With the help of these men, Adam hopes to provide knowledge to assist future scientists in developing a universal antivenom.

The typical way to make an antivenom involves injecting a sheep or horse with the toxin of a specific snake species. The animal's body will produce antibodies to fight the poison. The animal itself will die. You can then suck out and isolate the antibodies from the animal's blood, and that's your antivenom for that species of snake.

Because different venoms hold different proteins, peptides and metal molecules, no one antivenom will protect against all snakebites. Not yet.

"In the evolutionary model, there are a few things that work and are used in nature over and over again," Adam says. "We're trying to find a commonality in all venoms, a small mechanism that starts the degradation of body systems."

Adam has no live animals to test toxins on. Instead, he uses cow tissues.

The venom is real enough. Some of it is shipped in from Illinois. Other samples he gets directly from the source. He and Dr. Thomas have caught six cottonmouths in the Great Snake Hunting Ground that is Destrahan.

"We go out in the woods, roll over logs in marshy areas," Adam says. "Cottonmouths are fairly defensive animals — they'll flash their mouths at you. You pick them up with tongs, toss them in a bag, double-bag that bag and knot it off."

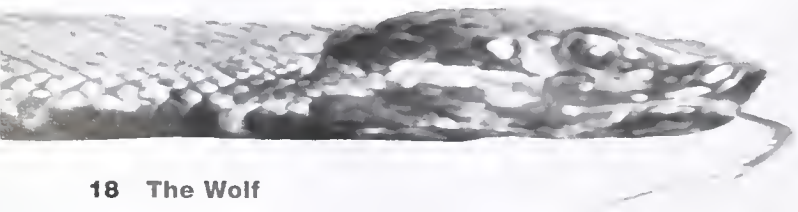
At Loyola, Adam milks the snakes. This takes two people, one gripping the tail while the other tries to make the creature bite through a latex skin stretched over a collecting tube.

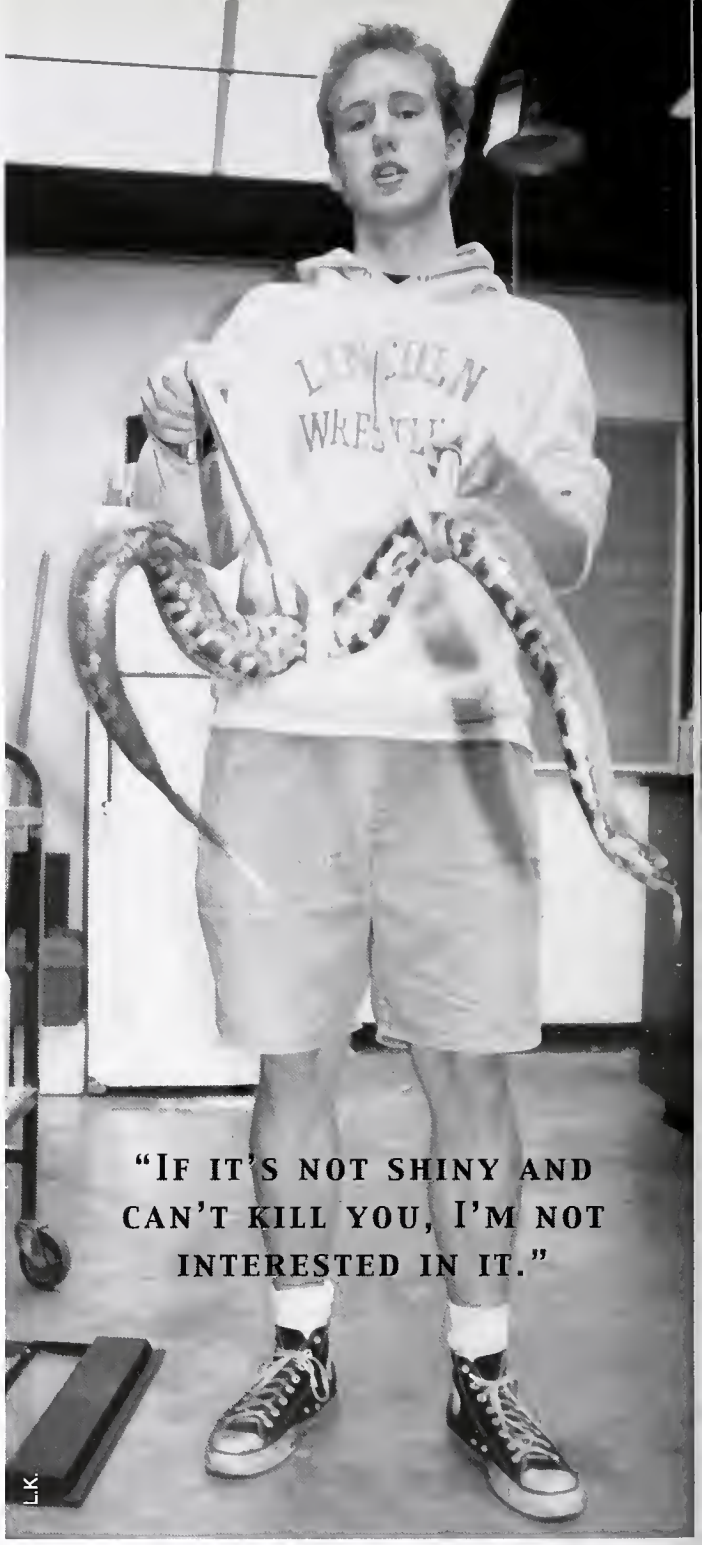
"You got to get it angry, piss it off until it bites into the latex," he says. "So you take the thing and tap it on the nose until it bites."

Animal rights activists don't like snake milking because of the reptilian harassment involved. The zoo won't let Adam milk its snakes.

"I do want to pursue this [research]," Adam says. "It's been a developing relationship I've had with snakes. You can hold them, feed them, creep people out with snakes. You almost want them to be fun pets, but they're not.

"Snakes don't like to wrestle or hug. You have to move slower around them, understand that they have small brains and that most of their emotions consist of fear." — *John Metcalfe*






**THINGS TO DO IF YOU WANT TO GET THE HELL BITTEN OUT OF YOU BY A SNAKE:**

1. Move fast. They'll think you're either attacking them or you're food.

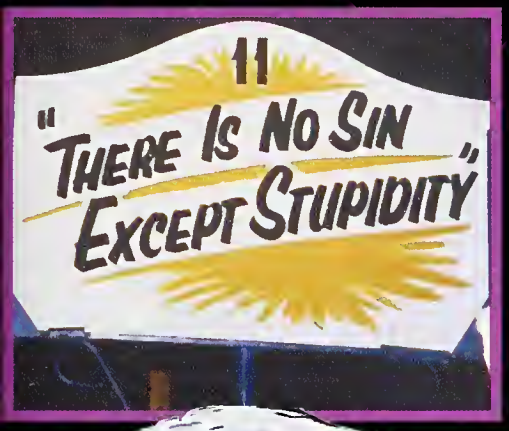
2. When you come across a snake and not get bit, keep messing with it.

3. Be Luke Kummer and grab its tail.

4. If you have one as a pet, dangle food in front of it. Adam did this and got the hell bitten out of him by a boa.

5. Play with snake babies. Because they're not old enough to control the amount of venom they release, babies will give you 100 percent rather than the normal 15 percent of their poison.

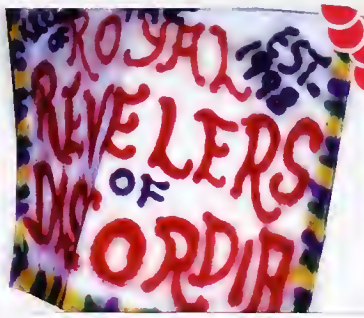
Photo essay by
*Luke Kummer*



WILL BE GIRLS!
BOYS
WILL BE
GIRLS

TURN TO
JESUS
OR
BURN IN
HELL

photo courtesy of "Madness and Glory" contestant




# KREWE OF DISCORDIA

Mardi Gras wasn't always about tits and beads. There wasn't always a Web site for every college boy with a camera who made the pilgrimage to New Orleans for Carnival. Things done changed, and the traditional spirit that made Mardi Gras famous has been buried under the trash on Bourbon Street.

Generating more money than Christmas in Beverly Hills, Mardi Gras of the 21st century looks as if it has devoured itself in greed and excess, as is now teetering on the verge of becoming Spring Break. But the heart of New Orleans, from the Indians to the marching bands to the krewes, won't let Mardi Gras fall. For these people, every day is Fat, anything is a reason to party and heritage is something to be savored.

The Royal Revelers of Discordia adhere to these standards absolutely. Like other upstart (sometimes called "alternative") krewes, the group brings Mardi Gras traditions learned over lifetimes to another tradition of New Orleans: partying.

As captain of the upstart Krewe of Discordia, Richy Kay is very serious about his job.

The krewe's overriding theme, objective and game plan is chaos, and it will stop at nothing to achieve it. Captain Richy Kay points out that his group arose from "very humble origins" in 1998. "The collective momentum at the time moved us into it," he says.

Except for its core membership, the krewe's body has changed dramatically since '98, and attracts more and more followers each day. "We're just a little pleasure club," Kay says, with a smile that alludes to memories acquired over the past few years.

But Kay's role is very serious. Without upstart krewes like his, Mardi Gras would deteriorate quickly. The Royal Revelers are exposing whole new generations and to homestyle Mardi Gras, the way it was meant to be.

The Royal Revelers of Discordia were born in what is now known as "The House of Chaos." Kay lived in the house along with a few close friends from high school. The group had been celebrating Mardi Gras (and every other day of the year) together for some time.

One night at a king cake party on Epiphany, the group decided to put a name on the group of friends already gathered in celebration. "We decided to throw some structure around all the chaos," Kay says. "This girl said, 'Discordia is a Greek goddess,' so then we became Greek."

The group focused on the story of the Greek goddess of mischief who started the quarrel responsible for the Trojan War. The theme of their first year was "Origin Theory: Vanity of the Gods." Using king cake babies as a lottery system, they chose a king and queen and held parties on the weekends leading up to Mardi Gras.

The early parties always contained a game of some kind. In the absence of a king that first year, three princes competed for the hand of the queen through all types of challenges. At a Krewe du Vieux parade, they greased a pole and the princes had to scale it and grab bananas at the top with their mouths. "It was easy to see that it was going to take on momentum," says Jay Gieseler, one of the princes.

The first season passed quickly and the krewe members realized this was no small thing they had started. Discordia gained strength like a virus. When it came time to prepare for the second year's festivities, Kay learned he had become the krewe's sole captain. "I asked who would be the captain that year and they said, 'You. For life.'"

In 1999, the imminence of Y2K was on everyone's mind. Hence, Discordia's theme was "Surviving the Cataclysm: Bringing Out Your Bestial Soul." The krewe was reveling in the wake of the non-event that was New Year's Eve and celebrating being alive. The animal theme made for interesting costumes.

"Masquerade is the essence of Carnival," Kay says. That was the first year that the krewe built a float. In preparation for the alluvial flood that never came, Discordia constructed "An-Ark-Y," an ark with a keg built into the middle. The krewe took the float to the Krewe du Vieux parade on Frenchman Street, breaking in when they saw a gap. After marching all over the French Quarter, the Royal Revelers went to the river and burned the ark.

Last year saw the krewe gaining a political stance of opposition to

Harrah's Casino, which drove property values in the Quarter sky high. In the wake of the cataclysm, amid the ashes of society, the float "Harrahble the Dragon" emerged like a phoenix. Discordia's theme was "Chaos Reigns as We Dance in the Dragon's Flames."

For 2001, the Krewe needed a new beginning. They wanted to put the negativity of the past year behind them and get back to the good old debauchery. The Genesis theory and Adam and Eve led to the theme "Sowing the Seed of Discord in the Garden of Eden." The new float was, of course, the snake. About 20 feet long, it glided on the back of a three-wheeled bike all the way to the parade's starting point on Frenchman. The krewe paraded in Krewe du Vieux again, passing out golden apples inscribed with bits of wisdom such as "Get Bent."

"It's always a really good time," says Devin Toolan, a krewe member since '99. "They're a bunch of people who really like each other."

Conflict erupted momentarily when Discordia unintentionally enteted the parade in the middle of another group of paraders who were dressed as French-maid policemen. Violence erupted, but only the snake was slightly injured as the Revelers stepped aside to let the angry krewe rejoin.

Aside from the occasional cross-dressing policeman, the krewe finds itself in opposition to the more commercial, plastic side of Mardi Gars. The exclusive megakrewes like Endymion and Bacchus are almost alien compared to the Revelers, who invite new members and avoid all aspects of true order. "The small krewes are all similar in that they started as social networks," Gieseler says.

Krewe of America, though, is another story altogether. "The Revelers' goal is to defeat the Krewe of America," Kay proclaims.

"Harrahble the Dragon," Discordia float of '00.

Founded in 1997, America is part of a new brand of pay-to-ride krewes. It's made up of prominent business types from all over the country. For an exorbitant amount of cash, these krewe "members" can come to Mardi Gras and ride in a parade.

"They don't have any good throws," Kay says. "And the floats are cheesy."

It seems almost odd that New Orleans would sanction such a blatant commercial stab at the sacred institution. Such krewes dilute the spirit of Mardi Gras and add to the dissimulation of the tradition. The members of Krewe of America probably have never even eaten king cake; they definitely don't know anything about Mckenzie's.

Recently, the captain of Krewe du Vieux told Kay that du Vieux was getting too big. There is conflict with the city over its size already, and with individual krewes entering as well, the problem has been compacted. The solution is a new parade in the Quarter comprised of the most well-known upstart krewes, the Revelers being one.

If nothing else, the prevalence of such krewes adds to the energy of Mardi Gras. Ask Kay and he'll tell you the Royal Revelers of Discordia are Mardi Gras.

The impulsive and creative essence of the event is captured in the krewe. There wouldn't be any Royal Revelers without New Orleans. Their identity is tied closely to this place. "We don't even like to leave the Parish," Kay says.

But there is definitely something universally attractive in the spirit the Revelers display. As the krewe grows, new days begin. The old city itches itself for another party, and grows restless in the heat.

*— Nick Kaye — photos courtesy of Richy Kay*

You Know Dave Matthews Sucks, Right?
DAVE
I know, but his posters friggin' Kick ass.

# A POLICE STORY

I hear that New Orleans is a dangerous place. I've lived here for three years, and so far have not been mugged, shot, burglarized or gang-raped by Angola escapees.

I'm lucky. That's what I hear from people "who know."

Well, I hardly dare challenge such expert opinion. But considering my stay in the Big Muddy, I'd say that getting whipped by criminals is not my biggest concern. My concern is getting whipped by the NOPD.

It happens pretty often here, mostly to other people. Every once in a while, though, New Orleans' finest will take the time to look in on my activities. Like a football mascot who never learned not to trip over his own feet, I'm always a good source of entertainment for them.

The first time I met the local police was on Maple and Pine, a few blocks away from my first (and last) frat party. It was a dark, wintry evening, and I was swollen with Christmas cheer and cheap liquor. Two officers cruising without headlights found me in my joyous state and bestowed unto me a citation for underage drinking.

Now, fair is fair. If the citation was all the encounter involved, I couldn't complain. I'd take the thing to court and lie through my teeth like everybody else. But in New Orleans, it's never that simple. The police must first rub it in that you were stupid enough to get caught.

Which my two men thoroughly did, just before suggesting that I should get a haircut and driving off to squash other crimes. The haircut barb made me think I might not have fallen into their dragnet if I had been short-shorn in the generic frat-boy fashion. My suspicion grew when I learned who the doormen of the party were (and usually are, as it turns out) — fraternity members who have joined the NOPD.

I beat the rap, as they say, but that's not the point. My conception of a just police force, here "To Protect and To Serve," now had a large, unseemly crack in it. Had I been judged on my appearance?

This was during my freshman year at Loyola, in my "dazed and confused" period. I admit that I didn't quite meet the picture of Joe Citizen. The mop on my head was indeed shaggy. I had bags under my eyes (product of finals week) and a pair of busted glasses on my nose. Two days before I had met with Father Knoth. He told me to get some rest and "a schedule."

My problems, I think, are aggravated by the fact that I grew up Catholic. I was practically born with a guilt complex. Even when I'm angelically free from sin, I feel guilty as hell, and act like it.

The police found me again just a few weeks ago. I was walking around in the Claiborne/Carrollton area, trying to find a party whose address had slipped from memory. When they came up behind me with their high beams

L.K.

blinking, I certainly felt guilty, walking around in such a dangerous neighborhood. Then I remembered I lived there.

The two cops, a skinny white man and a hefty white lady, had seen me in conversation with an old black man who was kind enough to offer his guess at where I was trying to get to. Obviously, they said, I was buying dope.

I try to give my license to police before they ask for it, partly to make a good impression and partly to offset the damage to my credibility that incurs once they see my driver's picture. The shot was snapped back when I had hair down to my shoulders — a sure sign of a dope fiend, if you didn't know.

They took note of the picture. Hairstyle will never get by a cop's scrutiny. I tried to talk with the woman, explaining that I was trying to locate a friend's house. She cuffed me and then deposited me into the back seat of the cruiser.

Run-ins with the police never go the way you want. You try to act cool but the charm runs off their backs. The woman mentioned searching my orifices. I smiled ("You gotta be kidding"). She didn't like that.

Since I didn't have a record and had no bags of weed taped to my thighs (they looked), the duo eventually let me go. "We know what you were here for," said the man, asking: "Who's your friend with the party? Is he white or black?"

I'm ashamed to say I said white. I really had no idea, but it seemed the smartest thing to do.

"Yeah," said the woman. "We saw you — white kid. You should be more careful. They'll kill you over $15 here."

I never got to that party. I walked home, wondering just what they thought "they" were.

*—A young John Metcalfe*

# Year of the

State Representative Cedric Richmond speaks at the Black Student Union Leadership Conference.

SGA President Ryan Holmes and BSU President Percy Marchand.

Some refer to 2000-2001 Loyola University's Year of the Black Students. Many blacks individually have set precedents and excelled in areas where they were not a strong suit before, but this year's Black Student Union made an impact as a whole on Loyola's community.

Some of BSU's goals this year included making its office more accessible to students, participating in more university events, holding beneficial and enjoyable events and improving the image of the group as a whole.

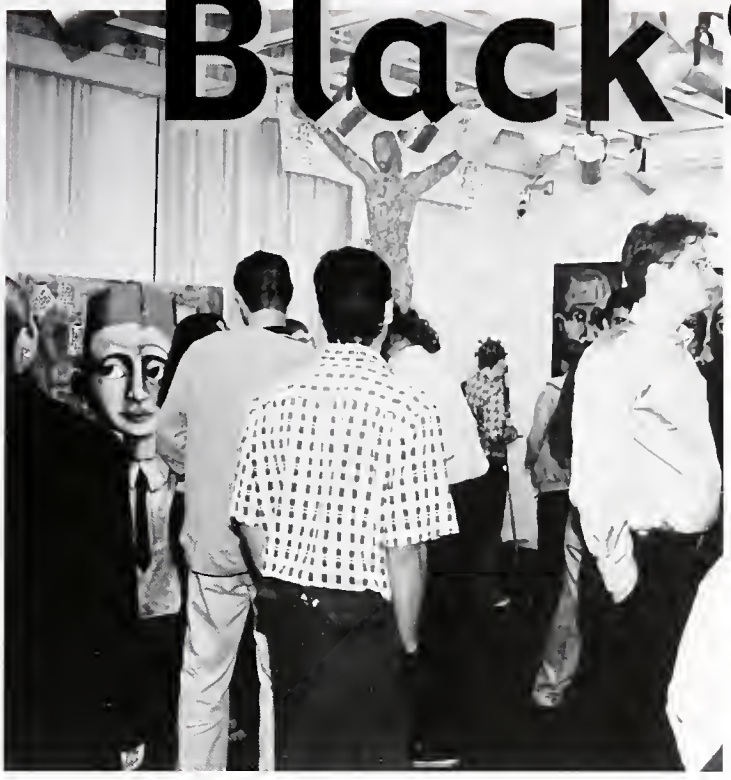
"We have accomplished things that haven't been done before, and we accomplished our ultimate goal of being more vocal and diverse in our activities," said Chastity Simmons, BSU secretary and psychology junior.

The first BSU event of the year was the annual Lock-In. Over 100 faculty and staff members convened in the Audubon Room to welcome 45 incoming students to Loyola. During the Lock-In, the students received advice from various departments and organizations on campus.

"The event was a success in introducing the students to 'the Loyola experience,'" said BSU President Percy Marchand.

The next event was the First Annual Leadership Conference, which was the brainchild of Marchand. The fact that the closest African-American conference of this sort is held in Mississippi made the need for such a conference in New Orleans obvious. With the assistance from the Student Affairs and Student Activities offices, the conference brought 50 African American students from across the metro area to more than seven hours of sessions about conflict, leadership, investing and careers.

# Black Students



**Left:** The leadership conference's art opening.
**Above:** BSU members at the Ninth Annual gala.

"I was really pleased with the conference and how it turned out," Marchand said. "I hope that it becomes an annual event."

The conference's keynote speaker was State Reptesentative Cedric Richmond. Another feature of the conference was a business and art expo, in the Danna Center Lounge. Jason Smith, a visual arts sophomore, presided over that part of the conference and also designed the leadership conference's posters.

"The leadership conference was excellent," Smith said.

BSU held a Karaoke Night to raise money for its gala. A crowd of nearly 100 people gathered in Nunemaker Hall to watch each other perform. It was not until two days before the event that BSU decided to put on the event, but nevertheless it went beyond the group's expectations.

"Karaoke Night was fun even though it was a last-minute get-together thing," Marchand said.

BSU's Ninth Annual Scholarship and Alumni Gala was one of the organization's biggest and most successful events of the year.

Before he even got into office, Marchand said he knew who he wanted to chair the Gala. "Dominique Martin and Daryll Manning's experience in putting on such events made them excellent choices," he said.

This year's off-campus gala was a great undertaking, as it wasn't held on campus. "We just saw a need to take the gala to a new level, and Daryll and I set out to make it happen," Martin said.

Marchand was a little skeptical at first, but once he saw the plans and the work in process he was more at ease. "I just told Daryll and Dominique that if they can raise the money, they can have it wherever they wanted to," he said.

Martin and Manning raised almost $10,000 for the event through private donations, corporate sponsors and the Loyola community, especially through SGA.

The gala is held to honor alumni, faculty, administrators and students. This year's honorees included Dwain Celestain, alumni Romalice "Ro" Brown (a local news anchor who also served as keynote speaker), and Edgar Chase, Loyola's first black SGA president.

The faculty award went to Vicki McNeil, assistant vice president of Student Affairs, for her constant support of BSU events.

The proceeds of the gala went to student scholarships for Ansel Augustine, Zishan Michael and Karlynne Washington.

"The event was great. It was an elegant and classy affair," said Tanika Diggs, BSU vice president and finance junior.

BSU sponsored other successful events this year, such as the Lyricist Lounge Show. In conjunction with the African-American Congress of Tulane, the event let students from local schools show their rap talent in the Underground.

Another BSU event was the Third Annual Unity Trip to Atlanta. The trip serves as an educational black history tour of the city, where 45 students visited the MLK Center, the APEX museum, Ebenezer Baptist Church where Martin Luther King Jr. was the minister, as well as other locations.

Though BSU succeeded in many its goals, some feel it could have done more with the right help. "BSU was really productive this year, but it could have used more support of its members," said Taifa Darensburg, an international business freshman.

Overall, BSU officers are pleased of the accomplishments they made throughout this year and look back in pride.

"We met most of our intended goals and we were very productive. I was proud to be a part of BSU," Diggs said.

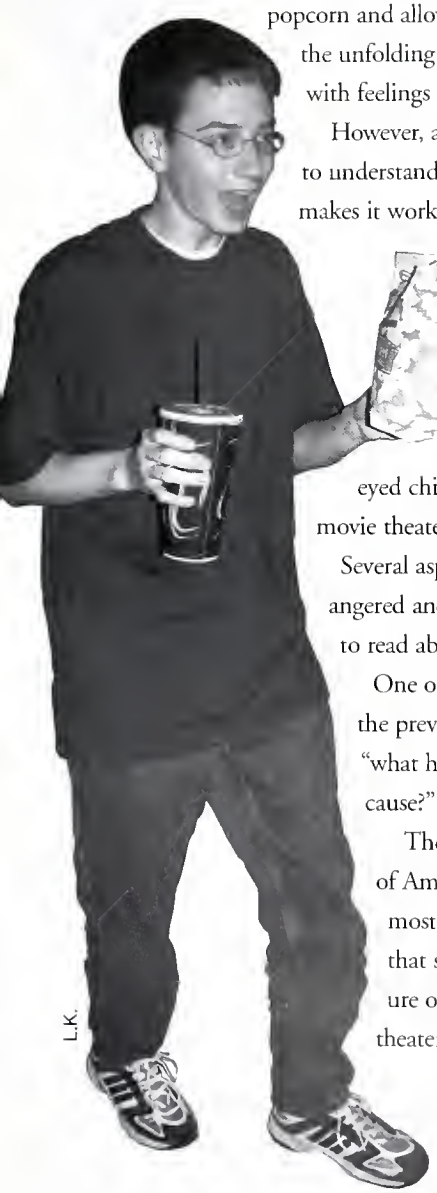
*— Daryll R. Manning — Photos courtesy of Daryll R. Manning*

# HOLLYWOOD BASHER

# KEVIN HELD

Ever since I can remember, watching movies has been my life. Growing up and being amazed by all the unfolding stories I've watched over the years is something I can never forget.

For me, something special happens whenever the lights go down in a theater. Seeing a movie with an active audience, eating a huge tub of popcorn and allowing myself to be drawn into the unfolding drama on the screen leaves me with feelings of a renewed childhood.



L.K.

However, as I've grown older and come to understand the film industry and what makes it work, all I see are problems. Let's face it, the motion picture industry has so many problems it makes me cringe.

These issues have taken the little, wide-eyed child inside of me out behind a movie theater and beaten him to a pulp.

Several aspects of the industry have angered and upset me. And yes, you get to read about them.

One of the biggest problems lies with the previews. You might be thinking, "what harm can a preview possibly cause?" Plenty.

The Motion Picture Association of America allows previews to be, at most, two-and-a-half minutes. In that short time, studios have to figure out ways to get audiences into theaters to see their movies.

I guess I can cope with the fact that making money is objective number one to these guys, but studios are really stooping to low measures with their previews.

Take *Cast Away*, which has Tom Hanks trapped on a deserted island. The first preview for this movie showed just that. It was very simple and to the point. However, the second preview reveals the film's ending.

What kind of storyteller gives away the ending before you hear the story? After seeing that second preview, all that remained unanswered were a couple of small questions. They paled in comparison to the big question of Tom Hanks' character being able to survive on a desert island.

Another example is Brad Pitt's latest film, *The Mexican*, co-starring Julia Roberts. Every single preview would lead you to believe the movie deals entirely with Pitt going to Mexico to retrieve an old pistol.

Once again, the previews proved to be wrong. Sure, Pitt has high jinks in Mexico, but Julia Roberts appears in the movie more than you'd think.

Another one of the year's biggest disappointments, *Enemy at the Gates*, also proves that previews are misleading. The previews showcase a sniper duel between two men. One of the previews focuses on one of the snipers in particular. That's fine.

Fine, except that a love triangle is really at the center of the whole movie. But the woman torn between the two men is given only a few seconds of screen time in one preview. What gives?

My other problem with Hollywood is now the impending strike. At first, I thought that a strike would be good for those trying to get into the business. If almost everyone isn't working, but you're willing to, then someone would be sure to hire you.

Then a writer living in Hollywood told me that the last time a strike occurred, the studios cracked but the actors didn't get all the benefits they asked for. In short, he said that another strike would do nothing but hurt the industry.

As for the big name actors and actresses, I could care less if they only made $15 million as opposed to the usual $20 million. Boo-hoo! So what if their live-in trailers aren't loaded with everything in the world?

If you want to pitch a fit because your little doggy isn't welcome on set, then get lost. Hollywood will find a way to carry on without you, I'm sure. Don't cry to me, cause you won't even get the violin.

The groups I really feel sympathetic toward are the actors and writers who live in tiny apartments on the verge of falling apart. They're the ones who work side jobs as waiters just to make enough money to pay their rent every month.

These people might, and I stress might, make about $20,000 from writing or acting. When you live in a city that charges an arm and a leg for rent, all that money can disappear in a hurry.

Studio execs need to realize that, for all the overblown paychecks they hand out to stars these days, they could be revitalizing younger generations of actors and writers, helping them chase their dreams.

Even though I'm just a regular filmgoer, I do know that studios are ultimately responsible for everything good or bad that happens in Hollywood. But for them to think that the good outweighs the bad, then perhaps they need to think again.

photos by Harold Baquet

# Yeah, she's talkin' to you ...

Jamie-Lynn Sigler, otherwise known as Meadow Soprano on the HBO show of the same surname, chats with a Loyola film class about her art.


New Orleans Review

*New Orleans Review, an international journal of contemporary poetry, fiction, nonfiction, art, photography, film, and book reviews, founded in 1968 at Loyola University in New Orleans, has published an eclectic variety of significant writing by established and emerging writers including*

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# L.A.S.O. RETRO

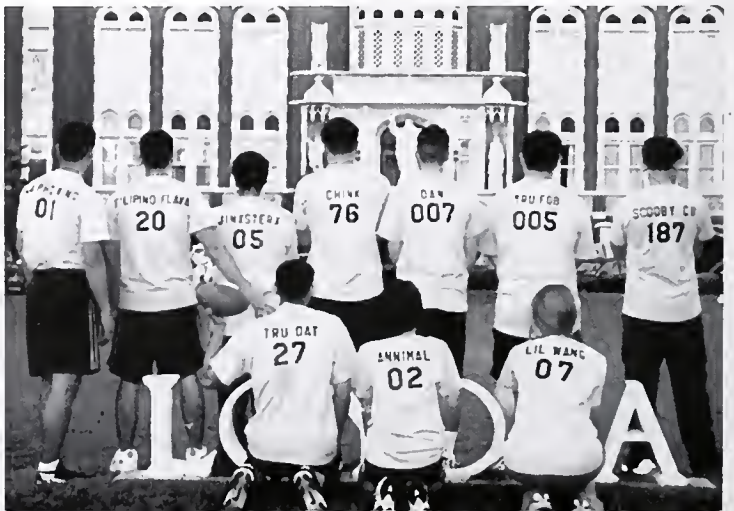
Bạn có nghe về LASO bao giờ chưa? LASO viết tắt cho Loyola Asian Student Organization. LASO là một nhóm gồm có nhiều dân tộc khác nhau và bất cứ ai đều có thể tham gia. Mỗi năm học, chúng tôi có nhiều chương trình để làm và làm kết hợp theo một nhóm. Không những chỉ chung vui, nhưng còn học hỏi kinh nghiệm qua những công tác và giúp đỡ.

Muốn biết chúng tôi đã làm gì? Mỗi người trong nhóm được cơ hội quen biết nhau qua những bữa tiệc ăn như Labor Day Barbeque và Lễ Tạ Ơn. Không phải chỉ liên thiệp với nhau trong nhóm mà thôi, chúng tôi giao thiệp với trường đại học khác như Tulane, Xavier, UNO, v.v. Để xây quỹ chung, chúng tôi có một buổi Date Auction, và nửa số tiền đóng góp cho người nghèo. Mấy trường đại học chung quanh đều tham gia vào ngày picnic và thi đua chơi football.

Vào ngày Tết Nguyên Đán, chúng tôi có ngày văn nghệ và văn hóa. Chương trình có vũ lân và các điệu vũ khác nhau. Ngày Tết chủ ý nêu ra những văn hóa của các dân tộc và để cho người khác biết rằng chúng tôi hãnh diện về dân tộc của mình và luôn luôn muốn giữ những vẻ đẹp của văn hóa .

Tất cả đều có sự vui tươi. Nhưng đó không phải là thôi. Đối với LASO, vui có nghĩa còn nhiều hơn thế nữa. Chúng tôi còn đi giúp những cộng đồng khác nhau. Giúp người khác là một trong những niềm vui và hạnh phúc của chúng tôi. Chúng tôi giúp phát cơm và đồ ăn vào dịp Lễ Tạ Ơn tại Bridgehouse Homeless Shelter. Chúng tôi còn bán vé số và nửa số tiền thu được bỏ vào Bridgehouse cho những người không nhà cửa. Và vào thời gian làm thuế, Thầy Ánh Cao của trường dạy cho những học sinh trong nhóm LASO biết làm thuế để đi giúp làm thuế cho những cộng đồng Việt Nam, cho những gia đình lương thấp, và giúp miễn phí.

Những sinh hoạt của nhóm đều có ích lợi chung và ích lợi riêng. Qua nhóm, mỗi người học hỏi được cách làm việc chung, hơn nữa cách ngoại giao cho lưu loát và cách để làm một người điều hành. Nhóm cũng sẽ cố gắng dần dần phát triển hơn, và sẽ tăng thêm con số người tham gia, để mọi người bỏ vô một tay cùng chung vui, góp vui, và xây dựng.



Have you ever heard of LASO? Probably not? It is short for Loyola Asian Student Organization, which actually consists of multi-ethnic groups and everyone can join. Throughout the year, we do many activities together. We work together not only to have fun, but to learn through the events how to cooperate with each other and also the leadership and communication skills that are required in life.

Want to know some of our events? This year, members got together to learn more about each other through the Labor Day BBQ and the Potluck (Thanksgiving) party. We mingled within the group and also had activities with other universities like Tulane, Xavier, UNO, etc. The Date Auction, for example, was planned to raise money for these schools, in which half of the money went to the poor. The Intercollegiate Flag Football/Picnic was a good time for all the schools to compete and have fun with each other.

We also sponsored a semi-formal for high school students, the theme of which was "Coming Together." We had two of our own semi-formals, the Winter Semi-Formal and the Spring Semi-Formal. Everyone dressed nicely and had a luxurious time. Around late January, we celebrated our Asian New Year in the St. Charles Room with the dragon dances and several traditional dances. The performance was an enjoyable time for all. This event was meant to bring out our Asian cultures and to give other people some understanding of our tradition.

Yes, we had fun through all those activities. But that's not all. For LASO members, having fun means much more than just having fun. We also help out with the communities. To us, helping people is one with our fun and happiness. We volunteered to serve food for the homeless for Thanksgiving at Bridge House Homeless Shelter and we sold Bridge House raffle tickets to raise money for the shelter. And around tax time, Loyola philosophy instructor Anh Cao trained LASO members to do taxes so we could go to different churches to help low-income families do their taxes — of course, for free.

So next time, when someone mentions something about LASO, you better say, "Go LASO! I've heard of it before!"

*— Thanh Ha Nguyen — photos courtesy of Khai Nguyen*

# KILLING WITH KINDNESS

Since I'm usually doing strategy and planning, I don't get to do the exciting parts of LUCAP often and so this day is very exciting.

I am driving to a transitional living home in a white Loyola van packed with middle-class college students eager to save the world. You can tell right away that the home used to be a high school from the wide hallways that run the length of the building on each floor. An old security guard with his feet on the desk greets us as we walk in the door. We tell him we're volunteers from Loyola and he waves us on, busy watching his football game on a portable black and white.

We need no introduction to the staff. Children are Reason Enough, or Project CARE, has sent Loyola volunteers to this place for many years. The old elevator cranks to the third floor and we walk out into the never-ending commotion of anywhere between three to 17 kids. Their parents are typically single women who have been evicted and need a place to stay. Some families are there for a few weeks, others for over a year.

But we're not there to figure out why the parents are there, or for how long they won't have a house. Don't get me wrong: that's extremely important. It's just not our job. What we're supposed to do is care. And we do.

About every other Saturday, we go down to the house and hang out. Sometimes we read, sometimes we play games, sometimes we take the parents out to see a movie or go to the zoo. What we do really isn't as important as the way we act around, and to, the kids. Most of them have spent their young lives struggling, and it is not surprising that most are desperate for attention as a result. LUCAP volunteers understand what's going on, and they react to it. We answer injustice with love.

Most other projects at LUCAP are similar. Four times a week, Lourdes sends Loyola students to tutor disadvantaged children in the skills they often don't receive inside difficult family situations and at some of New Orleans' worst public schools. Every Sunday, Hunger Relief goes down to the Business District and hands out sandwiches to whoever needs them, usually the homeless. Best Buddies matches Loyola volunteers with the developmentally disabled in a host of activities, from swimming and dancing to just talking. SMILE works with the elderly to make sure they know they are cared for and not forgotten. LULOP works with the illiterate to help them to survive in a world that assumes, often incorrectly, that everyone knows how to read. RASP places at-risk kids with Loyola students after school to make sure they have a positive alternative to drugs and gangs. And LUCAP is working on a few new projects too, including Habitat for Humanity and Esperanza, a tutoring program for Spanish-speaking children.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

But this all sounds like charity. What about justice? What about activism? What about changing social systems, saving the world? LUCAP does have a few projects that are more justice oriented, like LUSAS, which fights to end sweatshop labor worldwide, and Environmental Action, which works for environmental justice and the protection of our planet. Still, most of the projects in LUCAP look like simple charity.

It's a common misconception, and the balance between appearing unconcerned with justice and overzealous is a difficult one to manage. In our opinion, charity isn't simple, and justice cannot be isolated from works of love.

Yet last year, in our campaign to make sure Loyola apparel was not made in sweatshops, we were criticized for being "hippies," and this year, we're sometimes criticized from the other side for not doing enough with our resources to work for justice.

What these people don't realize is that, in both years, we've kept faithful to our ultimate mission, which is to work in a spirit of love. We do not set out to change people's lives or to be patronizing helpers. We don't minister to some exotic "poor." We're all poor.

All we are called to do is acknowledge that there are people who are in need — financially, educationally or emotionally — and to work with them to fill that need. Do we provide? In a way, but so do they.

A favorite LUCAP saying is that it's only when we stop trying to help and start realizing that our fellow human's plight is our own that we can really change anything. We work with others to help ourselves.

That's a lot of nice language, you might say, but seriously, what does LUCAP do to help the world? Well, first off, we use a lot of nice language. Phrases like "fed two birds with one crust" may seem simple and trite, but they represent something much more important: LUCAP wants to change the way people perceive the world. This process begins by one-on-one relationships with those most disadvantaged by our society and thought processes. It is only from these experiences that we in LUCAP can begin to ask why these situations occur, and how they got to be this way.

And then we begin direct action. Hunger Relief has held conferences and teach-ins. LULOP has given presentations. Lourdes has changed its focus to help students escape their unhealthy situations. Everyone reads, thinks, analyzes. Most pray. A few LUCAPers participate in local politics to ensure our leaders consider those most in need. We organized a Loyola Justice Forum and are working on a campus-wide self-evaluation process for next year to ensure that Loyola is answering the Jesuit Superior General's call to make Jesuit universities places of justice. Each of us contemplates what the most effective methods for social change are, never losing sight of the basis of our work: the people with whom we strive.

Justice and charity are important words, but they don't capture the reality of what LUCAP is, what we are. We're working for change by relationships with people out of a spirit of love. We think it works.

*— Jeff Guhin — photos courtesy of Jeff Guhin*

**PROGRAM**

**ACTION**

**COMMUNITY**

# Roadhouse Blues

Julie Schumacher

I always wanted to be a writer, as long as I can remember. But I spent a certain amount of time after school pursuing that Jack Kerouac lifestyle, burning that Roman candle at both ends, trying to accumulate this big chunk of experience that I thought was necessary to be a writer. Some of it's been useful, I guess.

A little over 10 years ago, I like to say I was working for a publishing company, but I was actually working in their warehouse. I was in the teamsters union, loading boxes of books onto trucks and unloading paper. And I was bartending part-time. And I was reading a little, and writing next to nothing. Even though it was a good job, I wasn't really happy.

The bar where I worked was a pretty seedy little dive that originally was a firehouse. It was called McCrady's Pub and was owned by the Chinese Mafia, or so the story goes. It's since burned down.

My first night on the job a guy came in with a little duffle bag. He sat down and ordered a drink. I made his drink and he got about half way through it and fell off his barstool. He was laying on the floor, out cold. Everyone just looked at him, but nobody did anything. Nobody trained me on what to do in a case like this. But the guy didn't look like he was in very good shape. So I called 911 and the paramedics came. It turned out that he had gone into an alcoholic coma and they said he probably would've died if nobody had called. They took him away and his bag was still laying there. I brought it around the bar, opened it up and there was an empty fifth of vodka in there and a job application that was half completed.

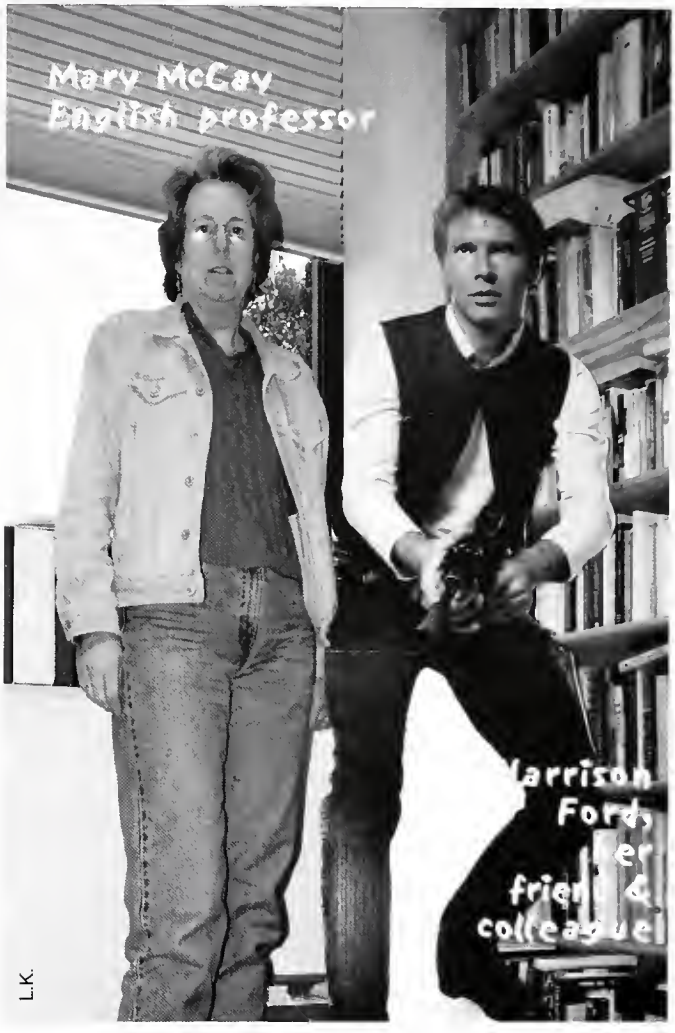
There was a strip club down the street and sometimes the girls would come in when they got off work. I remember this one night talking to one of the dancers and I said something about wanting to be a writer, and I still remember what she said. She said, "You're never going to hit a homerun unless you step up to the plate."

I was a little bristled by that, but then I realized she was right. Shortly thereafter, I quit both of those jobs and started doing carpentry work again. Everybody said I was crazy, nobody ever quits a teamsters job. You're in teamsters and you're set for life. The big bucks, all the benefits, and they pretty much can't fire you. But I looked at these guys I was working with, and they were all more or less unhappy. Basically just counting the years they had left until retirement. I realized that that wasn't the way I wanted to live. So I stepped up to the plate and started taking evening writing classes.

One thing led to another. At the time I took that first writing class, there's no way I imagined that I'd be where I am now. At the time, I just wanted to get one good story written. But I think about that bar. I've written about it more than once. I've got a couple pieces about it. I think it was a good experience working there. Met a lot of interesting people, saw a lot of strange things. But I also realize now that it was a good thing I left when I did.

*— interview by Luke Kummer*

# Shooting and Baking in Alaska




Immediately after I graduated from college, I went to Alaska to work at a Jesuit mission out in the sticks. Just beyond the Aleutian Island chain at Holy Rosary Mission in Dillingham.

I taught third and fourth grade to about 18 young Eskimo children. They were sent in from all over Alaska. So I taught school and every weekend this family would teach me how to do things. I learned how to shoot tin cans off of a fence. And how to bake bread. I learned how to cook caribou meat. I'm not a big meat eater, but I prefer caribou to moose. It tastes a lot like venison.

It was really kind of an adventure. There wasn't much of anything else there so everything was shipped in — you had to be fairly self-sufficient. We had to do without all sorts of things, because everything was government surplus. We drank a lot of carrot juice and we ate a lot of caribou meat. The diet was limited.

What we used to do every Sunday after church was fry the last of the bread dough that we didn't make into loaves of bread. We would make it into these little donuts and roll them in sugar and that was the big treat of the week. There was a little town, and you could buy cigarettes, but they were — and I suppose this wouldn't seem very expensive now — but they were almost two dollars a pack. That was in the mid-60s, so in fact things were very expensive.

There was a family who lived in Dillingham, the Prince family, and three of the children were in my class, Eddie Prince and two others. Anyway, his mother worked for the public health hospital that was at the end of the road — there was one road which ran from the airport to the public health hospital. Every time she got a paycheck she would send out to Seattle for oranges. We used to watch those crates of oranges come in. ... We never had any.

If you lived on the land for five years you could get 40 acres. So a lot of the people who went up there to work for the Jesuits actually stayed. You should have seen some of the things people were living in. It was incredible. It was really like a frontier. You remember in Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, when she writes about those dug in sod houses? Well, they didn't live in sod caves, but it was that kind of thing. They would get just any kind of building material to build these houses.

John Kennedy was assassinated the year that I was there. To see how the kids reacted to that — that the president of the United States was assassinated — this was a new thing to them, an impossibility as far as they were concerned, simply incomprehensible. It was impossible to explain to them because they didn't think those kinds of things happened.

Now remember, these were probably the second generation of people in their families who had gone to any schools. Their grandparents probably didn't even speak English. Even their parents would have been more conversant in Inuit than in English. So these children were the first to start school in English and know that they were a part of the United States. So they had these ideas and conceptions of what America was like ... what they called "the outside" was like. Because when you're in Alaska you're "inside."

And for this man, who for them had taken on the stature of myth, to be suddenly killed ... it was just a horror story.

— *interview by Luke Kummer*

# A Random Year
## recapped for your pleasure

***IN THIS YEAR,*** *a group of fearless students took back the night ...*

L.K.

*... cowboys ate pancakes on the night before finals ...*

*... the Yugoslavian VP "did Loyola" ...*

Harold Esquet

*... wallabies were sold at the Study Abroad Fair ...*

L.K.

*... Dean of University Ministry Fr. Weling gave a Christmas mass ...*

*... Loyola drama students put on Steve Martin's "WASP" ...*

L.K.

*... singles danced their hearts out in Res Life's "Singled Out" ...*

... people ate pie, without the use of utensils ...

...hose nice people at Aleph had a book sale ...




Harold Paquet

... English professor John Biguenet snagged an O'Henry Award ...

L.K.

L.K.

... Loyolapalooza rocked it until it couldn't rock no more ...

...me of us survived Mardi Gras, some didn't ...

Brandi Knight

... style came to town in Loyola's fashion show ...

Harold Paquet

... **and** ... Bill Quigley kept up the good fight for the Moratorium 2000 campaign.

# The Legend of Solomon

Every once in a while we still get word from him. I hear he's on the Coast now, near one of the Carolinas. Some say he isn't happy there but I suspect he's getting along all right, fightin' girls off just the same. That is, unless they sent him to an all-boys school, which case he won't last long. Solomon, he just isn't the type to be alone. He's got to have someone to tell how pretty they are and whose knee he can rest his hand on.

I remember the first I met Solomon. I was moving into the dorm my freshman year, he was settling next door. He was hanging his clothes in his closet and setting up a picture of his girl. I walked by and a deep friendly voice chased after me. He smiled big, "I'm Solomon, from Atlanta."

I didn't know it yet, but that'd be the constant refrain I'd hear wherever I'd go with him for the next nine months. I'd hear it a dozen times walking down the street, four times at the checkout line (the checker, the bagger and either person next to him), at the drive-thru for Wendy's, to the cafeteria staff, to the guy asking him for change and to the girl in the "cute blouse." No matter where we were, he'd utter those words to anyone who hadn't heard them before. What should have been a five-minute walk across campus took 20 with him.

After I introduced myself, I noticed the gig bag he had hanging up. I told him I blew a harp and we said we'd jam. He sounded just like Hendrix with a touch of Curtis Mayfield and a flare for James Brown. He'd bite his bottom lip when he'd solo on his pawnshop Stratocaster and you'd think you were at Woodstock.

John was his roommate and we all decided then that we'd hit our first frat party that night. I tucked in my shirt and pushed my hair back. Solomon ironed his clothes, shined his black pleather boots and combed his hair pretty. John poured himself a drink.

Once there, John and I quickly located the keg and became enamored with the concept of free beer and pool tables. Solomon searched out his own entertainment. I stumbled back to Biever that night with John's support. I don't recall what happened to Solomon but by the next morning his mirror was painted full with phone numbers.

The trend continued the next two semesters. It turned out Solomon was a good friend to have. His was by far the best name to drop. Just mentioning his three syllables elicited a smile all over campus and beyond. I can't count all of the people I met through Solomon, some of which are my closest friends now.

I remember Solomon brought an old beat-to-hell 1978 Bonneville back from Christmas break. Come February, we decided we'd take a road trip. I mentioned Lafayette and we headed out one Friday night — John, me, Solomon and a cute, frizzy-haired redhead. Well, that broken gas-guzzler started overheating before we got outside the city. Solomon flipped the heater on. We rolled down windows and kept riding. He assured us that all it needed was some fluid for the engine. We stopped before Baton Rouge for gas and cheap wine and then smoked through the swamplands with The Staple Singers blaring. I asked Solomon if he'd gotten the fluid. He said no — "they wanted five bucks for that stuff."

We got to Lafayette late and found an old ice cream shop called Gertie's still open. I asked the gray-haired Cajun woman behind the counter for directions to some authentic music while Solomon hit on her granddaughter. First we went to Randol's for some fried alligator tail and Cajun dancing. Then we headed to where the girl had advised. It took some extensive searching, but we found the bumpingest party we'd been to all year. A couple of DJs had set up in an abandoned warehouse and everyone in the next three counties was there. There were so many fine girls even Solomon was overwhelmed.

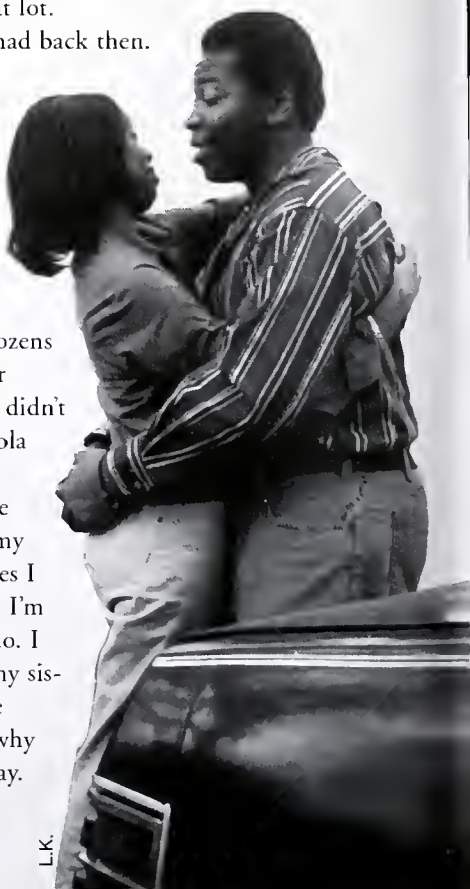
I slept some on the long car ride back to New Orleans. I woke up three times. The first time we were parked in a rest stop because the car had overheated. The second time we were rolling down a grass hill looking for some place to park because the car was overheating. The third time I woke up because Solomon was telling me to get out and push before we lost our momentum. The girl in the front seat slid over and took the wheel while Solomon and I ran behind pushing the bumper until the next exit on the highway. We figured it easiest if John wasn't roused.

We got to a gas station and Solomon looked under the hood and called his father collect in Atlanta. He held out the phone and had the red-head crank the engine so his dad could determine what was wrong. The diagnosis was grim. "Put a 'For Sale' sign on it, son, and catch a bus." It took Solomon a few minutes but he got some girl inside the gas station to call her boyfriend and give us a ride to the nearest bus stop. For all I know, the Bonneville's still parked in that lot.

Those were good times we had back then. In some ways I wish Solomon was here this year but I've known for a long time that that wasn't in the cards. You've got to take Solomon with the good and the rest of him too. He owes me money and owes John his Walkman. I'm sure he owes dozens girls at Loyola a phone call for breaking their hearts when he didn't saying goodbye. He owes Loyola the tuition from freshman year.

I don't know about everyone else, but I'm not figuring on my money anymore. For the stories I bought with it, it's plenty fair. I'm sure he needs it more than I do. I would like back a picture of my sister he took though. And more importantly, I want to know why he took a picture of her anyway.

*— Luke Kummer*



L.K.

# Apathy International

## Club prez can't rock the boat without movers and shakers

Room reservations, porch reservations, booth reservations, SGA budget packet, listservs, advisors ... with such an onslaught of paperwork and policies, I was initiated into the group of student leaders at Loyola as president-in-training for Amnesty International.

I had been active with the group in high school, serving as secretary, vice president and president, so I was rather attractive to the person in charge.

It didn't take long for me to realize the reason I was such a hot commodity for Amnesty was because there were no other members. Meetings were not well attended, if people came at all. I continually received messages back from people on our mailing list asking that I take them off the listserv.

This was discouraging, to say the least.

As the year went on, I struggled to figure out why interest in Amnesty was so lackluster. Granted, we are a club about problems that are not the most pleasant to consider, but so are many other organizations. And it would seem that doing stuff like writing letters that go directly to offending governments would make people feel good that they were making a direct contribution. It's always been gratifying to me to know that some world leader on the other side of the globe would see my signature at the end of a letter. Not to mention the fact that I felt I was possibly making a difference in the life of a person unfairly imprisoned or mistreated.

"It didn't take long for me to realize the reason I was such a hot commodity for Amnesty was because there were no other members."

It seemed so inconsistent to me that an institution such as Loyola, founded on the principles and ideology of social justice, should have so few people in a club like Amnesty.

The reason for Amnesty's dismal turnout came one day in the form of a heads-up from a past member. She approached me and told me that she used to be involved in Amnesty, but quit because she was troubled by what seemed to be growing campus apathy. She told me many people had abandoned the group for similar reasons.

I understood I was facing a large problem. I had to learn to lead people whose enthusiasm had waned and follow up a president whose vision of Amnesty was different than mine. One does not want to step on the toes of the person whose shoes they are preparing to fill. Plus, I found that I would have to work not only for the causes of Amnesty, but also for member recruitment and retention.

I was surprised and disappointed by the lack of interest in such a worthwhile organization. I thought that, of all the clubs available on campus, surely this one would be thriving. I must here extend a plea for support to all those who care about human rights. The state of affairs in every country, including the United States, leaves a lot to be desired in the arena of treating people with dignity.

Particularly while attending an institution of higher education, it is easy to be complacent when one's own needs are so thoroughly met. It is easy to lose sight of the fact that the majority of the rest of the world lives in modest to abject poverty when surrounded by elegant buildings and sweeping lawns. And it is especially easy to forget that it is our responsibility to help out our fellow people when we live in a society that promotes individualism right and left. I challenge those of you reading this to not only participate in your sororities and fraternities, your sports and your special interest clubs, your honors opportunities and your yearbooks, but also in a group like Amnesty where the focus is away from yourself.

While it is important to nurture one's own interests and passions, joining a club like Amnesty is an eye-opening experience that greatly benefits both the giver and the taker in concrete ways. It compels an examination of the way people are raised and what constitutes an adequate lifestyle. It has become imperative to understand the context in which others are living in our increasingly global community, and Amnesty provides a more than adequate platform for doing so. Most importantly, Amnesty instills a sense of compassion where before there was no awareness of the need.

Looking back, I realize I had gotten myself into more than I bargained for. Coming in fresh, I found myself in a rather unfortunate position. I had heard tales of other groups that had problems and saw how it affected them and their budgeting processes. I didn't realize until halfway through the year that some of the same sort of issues affected our membership. I was saddled with a sometimes-uncooperative adviser, a leader who had become overextended during the past few years, a pathetic campus turnout, but also a passion for the cause behind Amnesty. I continued to work hard for retention. Most of my efforts ended in frustration.

Amnesty International 2000-2001 did have its moments. We hosted a few speakers, had some tabling events and did community service. Our last event, which brought to Loyola a death penalty speaker who works for Amnesty nationally in Chicago, was filled to standing-room only. As I looked out into the crowd and introduced myself and the speaker, I said a little prayer of thanks that teachers give out extra-credit points. – *Stephanie Margherio*

Earnest James Jr., State Death Penalty Abolition Coordinator, shows slides to a few less-than-earnest students at an Amnesty event.

# Nightmares and Cold Sweats

# Loyola Res Life

The signs begging, cajoling and pleading with you to show up to floor meetings and other events planned by Resident Assistants and sponsored by Residential Life are more than a lame attempt by your RA to make friends. While their single rooms and personal bathrooms look like another example of why life is not fair, it actually evens out in the end as your RA must plan a variety of events that will educate, stimulate and acclimate you to on-campus living.

This is not to say RAs have sleepless nights over whether they can cram the 13-some program requirements into each semester. No, the nightmares and cold sweats in the middle of the night stem only from the incessant worry that no one will show up to a meeting. There are the others who will think the event was stupid and failure is the nicest word used by the only two people who showed up because they felt sorry for the now-broken person running their floor.

Building community is the primary focus all RAs have when their residents begin moving in for the fall. Their job is not to only make sure that dorm life isn't a one-star hotel experience, but that living on LaSalle Street is a resource in and out of the classroom. Among the different focuses the RAs must take into account are educational enrichment, spiritual, emotional, sexual and physical well being, to name a few.

A fall TGIF pep rally in the Res Quad.

courtesy of Erin Cansler

LoyOlympics 2000 — the great mattress haul.

Clair Twiggs

courtesy of Erin Cansler

Clair Twiggs

**Left:** The romance of pizza in the hall — a six north floor meeting.

**Above left:** The gorgeous women of the Res Halls.

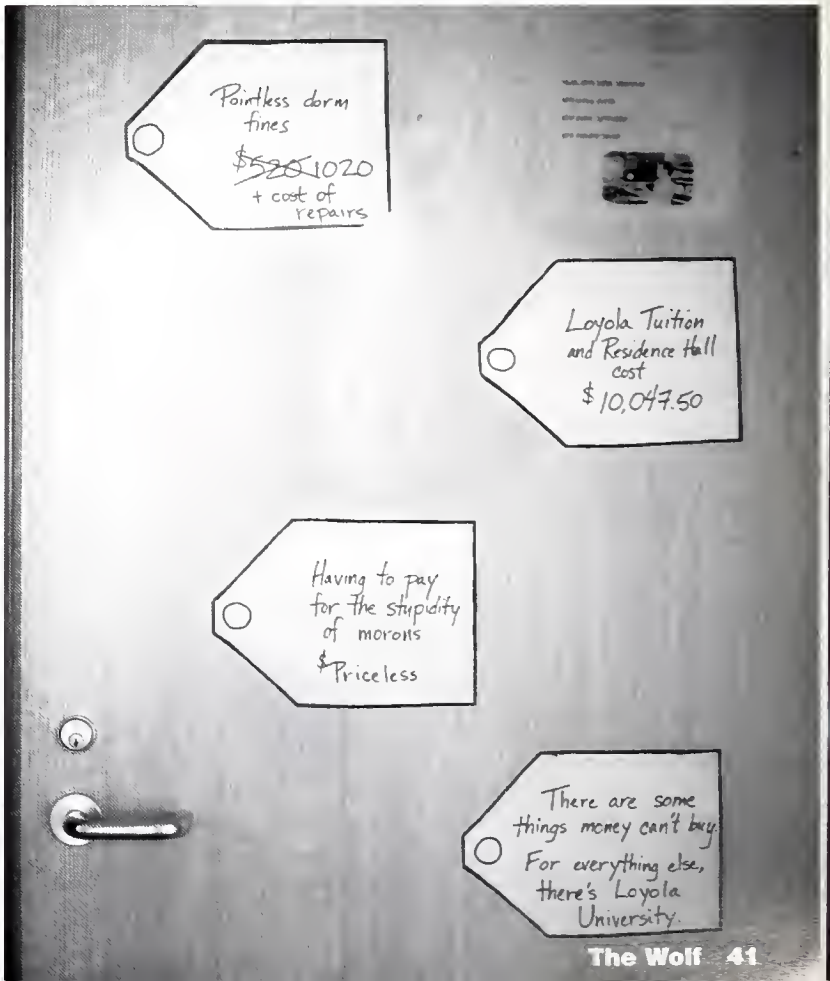
**Above right:** The gorgeous women of the Res Halls, the sequel (it's Halloween).

**Below:** For everything else, there is Loyola.

The next time you see a sign offering you free food as bait, take the giver up on the offer. Your RA is trying to plan events with you in mind. Go out on a limb and suggest something fun you think others would enjoy doing. Your RA's top priority, after academics, is you. They signed away a year of their life so they could create a community for you. Believe me, it's not for the money, glory or the free collared shirt.

Chances are, the person who you think amounts to nothing more than the floor babysitter has pulled you into interacting in programs you didn't even know about. You think they get their kicks patrolling the halls, but if they can finagle you into tossing a Frisbee in the quad or get a bunch of you to watch a movie together, your heartless floor monitor gains a small smile and a sense of relief that maybe, just maybe, you're starting to like living on campus.

*— Erin Cansler, three year Res Life veteran*




J.M.

# MIKE MILEY

Filmmaker Mike Miley is gradually emerging as our school's premiere director.

The English writing senior's second project, which follows his light-hearted *Ghost Writers*, is called *Surface Calm*. The short film is based on a story by Valetie Martin, a former Loyola professor and writer-in-residence.

Martin wrote the book *Mary Reilly*, which was made into a major motion picture starring Julia Roberts and John Malkovich.

When looking for a story to direct, Miley considered *Assassins*, in which the ghost of John Wilkes Booth tells Lee Harvey Oswald to shoot President Kennedy. But trouble with rewriting the script forced Miley to abandon the project halfway into development.

"It sent me into a race to find something else, so I was just reading every short story collection I could find," he says.

The search for a replacement was tenuous and often difficult, Miley says. "I kept having all these problems with writers and their agents in negotiating an adaptation."

He eventually came upon Martin and was drawn into her storytelling. "Her writing style is really cool," he says. "It sounds like a Jane Austen novel, but what she's talking about is very disturbing."

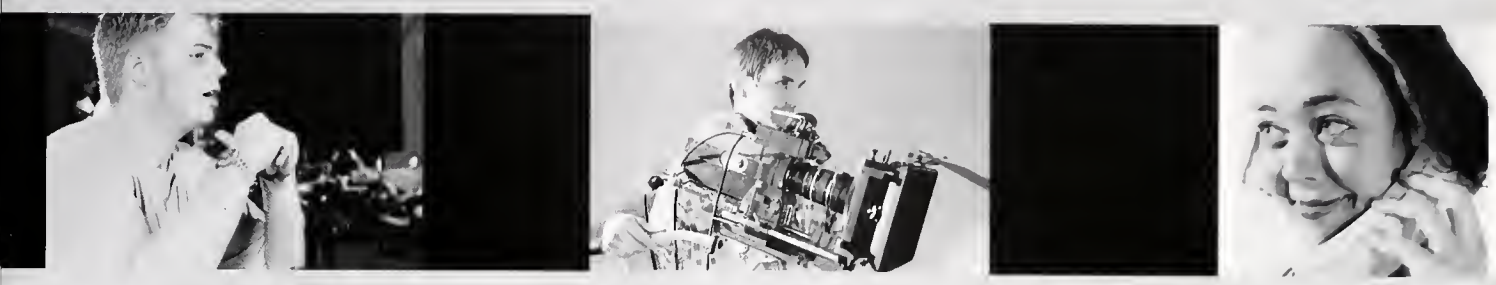
However, a big Hollywood studio was already looking at one of the stories Miley wanted to use for his project. "I thought, at least I'm looking at good stuff," he says.

Finally, Miley found "Surface Calm" and became convinced it was just the right project for him.

Because he took a class with Martin when she was a professor and knew her fairly well, movie negotiations went rather quickly. "I got the rights for next to nothing," he says.

"Surface Calm" is the story of your everyday, loving housewife who goes mad when her husband leaves her alone at home.

# MAKES MOVIES



The story and 18-minute film feature the woman's madness as manifested in her masochistic behaviors. She uses everything from tight necklaces to barbed wire in a sick revolt against loneliness.

"I know it's not something everyone is going to catch," Miley says. "That's the nature of the story."

Miley's objective was not to confuse the audience. Instead, he was looking for ways to get inside their collective head and play around.

"It's not a movie people will soon forget. I wanted to tile them up," he says. "I'm not expecting people to be able to psychoanalyze it."

For background, the young director watched every psychological horror film he could get his hands on. Surprisingly, *Psycho* was not one of them. One of the more inspiring films for Miley was *The Exorcist*. "A couple of shots are lifted directly from *The Exorcist*," he says.

Miley doesn't think the audience should understand everything about his newest movie after one screening, but he doesn't plan on changing his ways to make it easier for them. "That's not the kind of films I want to make," he says.

Miley also cites getting creative influence from director David Fincher. He says technical aspects from *Seven* and plot elements from *Fight Club* help describe his movie.

"*Fight Club* is about a person who doesn't know who he is and has pushed the lack of identity so far back that when it surfaces, it comes to the foreground in a very violent manner," he says.

His interpretation of "Surface Calm" is similar, in some respects, to Fincher's work. "If you can hurt yourself, than you must be real."

Miley doesn't think he has a personal style. He just follows a few basic rules and lets the story dictate the way it's made.

"The content of your story determines the form of how you tell it," he says.

— *Kevin Held*

## The Aspiring Swayze: an Impromptu Mad-Lib

*( continued from the back cover )*

By Sean R. Field
Art by Tracy Vongruven

At _____(1), she shouldered her way through a crowd of guys in khaki pants and Tar Heel caps. One them with his back turned to her shouted at his friend, "_____ (2)," then stumbled, spilling his beer on her as he turned around. He apologized with a mechanical "sorreedude," but then, upon seeing the pretty young woman who stood before him, smiled and asked if she was in his accounting class. She recognized him and nodded. He continued, "You know that guy who yelled out '_____ (3)' today in class? ... Well, that was me." He cocked his head with an air of accomplishment and gently bobbed it up and down waiting for a response. It was funny, she said. The conversation went on during which he _____ (4) to _____ (5). He impersonated _____ (6), then pretended to copulate with the _____ (7). She giggled at the absurdity of it all.

But the night grew dull and soon they were looking for something else to do ... a party, maybe. He knew that the _____'s (8) were throwing a "dope kegger," as he phrased it. They stepped outside the bar where both of them grew dizzy in the cold night air. She agreed to go if he _____ (9) the pay phone a few times. He agreed and started in on the phone, all the while envisioning the party. Hopefully, he thought, there will be a nice big _____ (10) at the party to lie down and have sex on. He finished what he had promised. The two stumbled down _____ (11) together. The clank of beer bottles and a chorus of burly voices chanting, "_____! (12)" came up the street to meet them.

Slowly, the party came in sight. One guy was out on the lawn _____ (13). The two joined him for a while and then went into the house where low and behold, all the way in the back room, was the _____ (10) he had been having visions of. His eyes lit. The couple made their way back to it, largely due to his persuasion. "Remember," he said. "I _____ (9) a pay phone for you, baby." She smiled and walked back with him. He is cute after all, she thought.

By now, his head was really spinning, but he waylaid his dizziness and the oncoming waves of nausea by focusing his attention on the encounter at hand. "She could be my new 'Saturday night thang!'" he thought. (To him, Patrick Swayze was the coolest son of a bitch on earth, but he told this to no one.)

The opportunity to make such a "thang" of her shattered though as he entered the room and passed out upon the _____ (10), spewing a flow of biley sick all over it. She stared down at him with a mixture of pity and disgust. Unable to help herself, she watched the vomit trickle onto the floor, thinking it looked like the watery insides of a(n) _____ (14). She turned and walked out, leaving her prospective lover on the ground.

All night, people stepped over him, occasionally stopping to _____ (15) him. He was too oblivious to be broken hearted, and in the morning, he would shake it off. He would try again, this passionate youth, this aspiring Swayze, who desperately sought a new "thang" every weekend. A day would come when he could confidently turn to his lover in bed and say, "_____ (16)." Then he'd light a cigarette and watch *Road House* with her.

they're students

they're bodies,

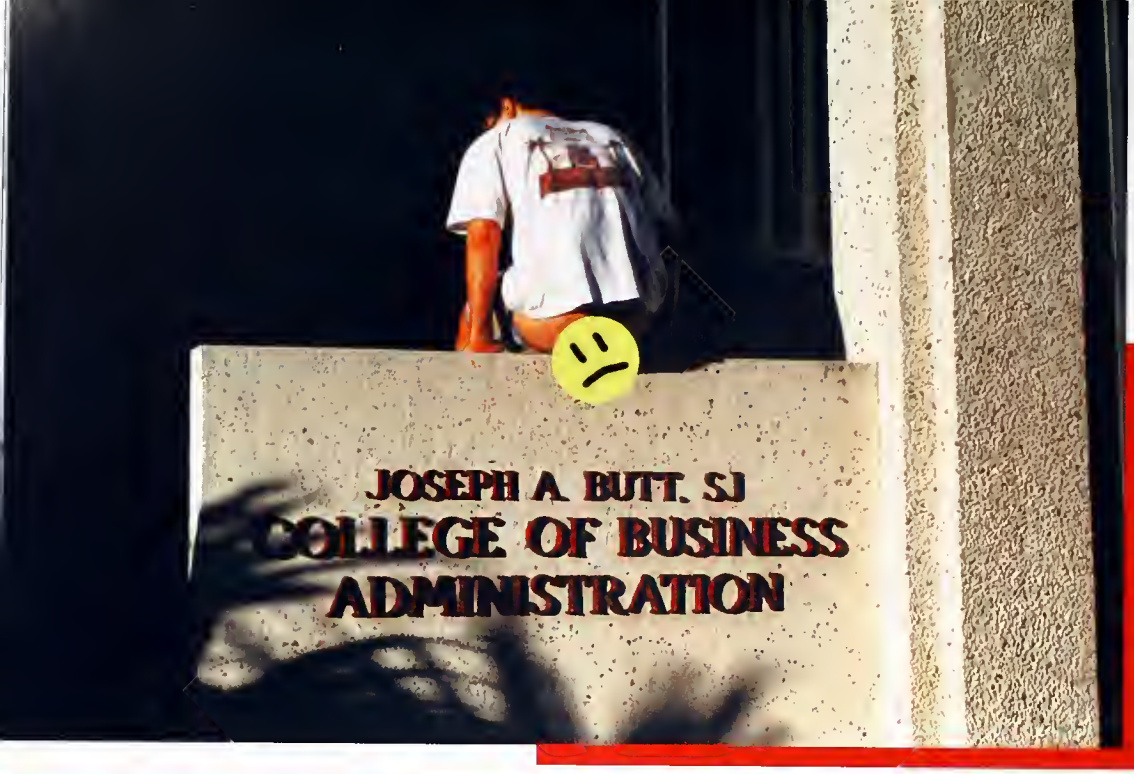
they're naked
(as far as you can tell)

# the bodies of LOYOLA

It appears that in the great struggle between Loyola and Tulane for Best Uptown University, Tulane has proven itself better in yet another category: the category of women taking their clothes off for money.

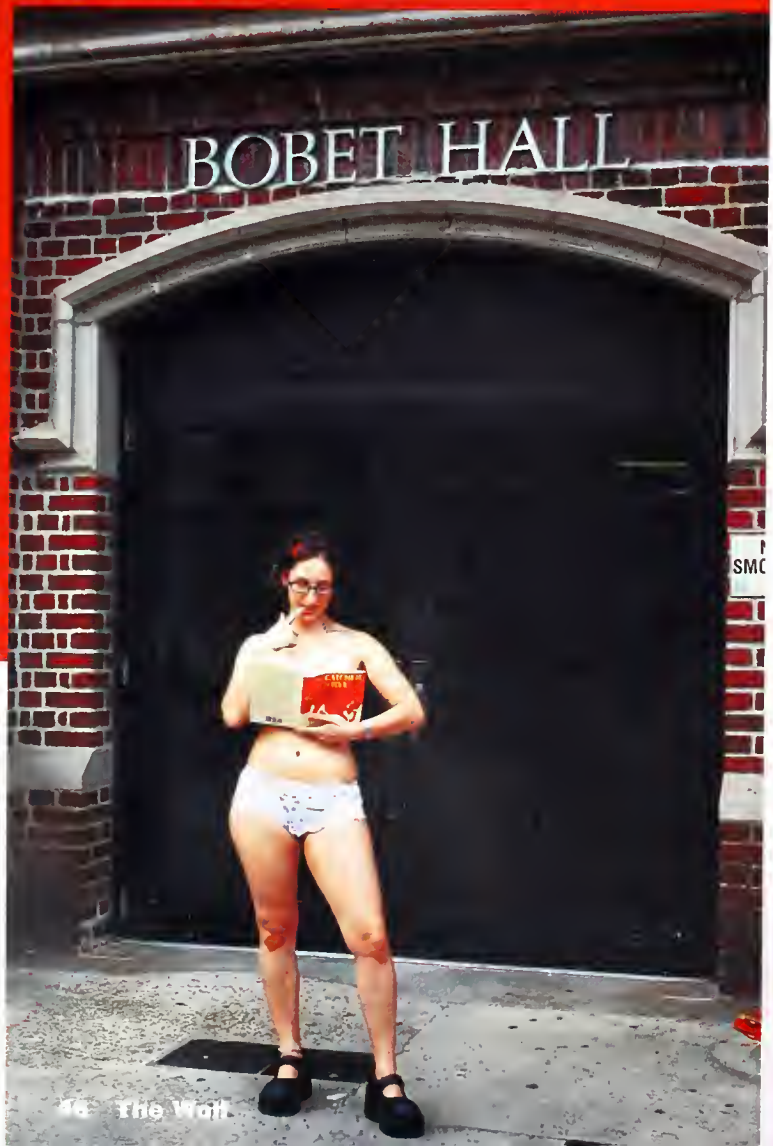
If you have read the October 2000 edition of *Playboy* (ahm ... a friend told me about the article) then you know what I'm referring to. "Girls of Conference U.S.A." is full of pictures of naked women doing homework or getting undressed in a stadium, accompanied with captions so bad they're difficult to parody.

Since we cannot beat Tulane in the battle of the trollops and we dare not join them, we have but one option — make fun of them. Remember, if our writing is bad, it is only because *Playboy*'s writing is bad and we are making fun of that also. It is not because we are bad writers.




**Kevin Literal** is practicing the old school tradition of rubbing his bottom on the top of the business sign before a final exam. He says: "I am hoping for a solid A."

**Sawella Small** is not afraid to be caught in the rye. At least someone is trying to warm up Bobet. Sawella says she "likes to act young because that's what I want to be when I get old."



**Skipper Krian** dropped out of school in order to train for "Survivor." We see him on Loyola Beach (in between the library and the business school) with a sand crapper. He says the toilet is almost perfect, but you still have to jiggle the handle.

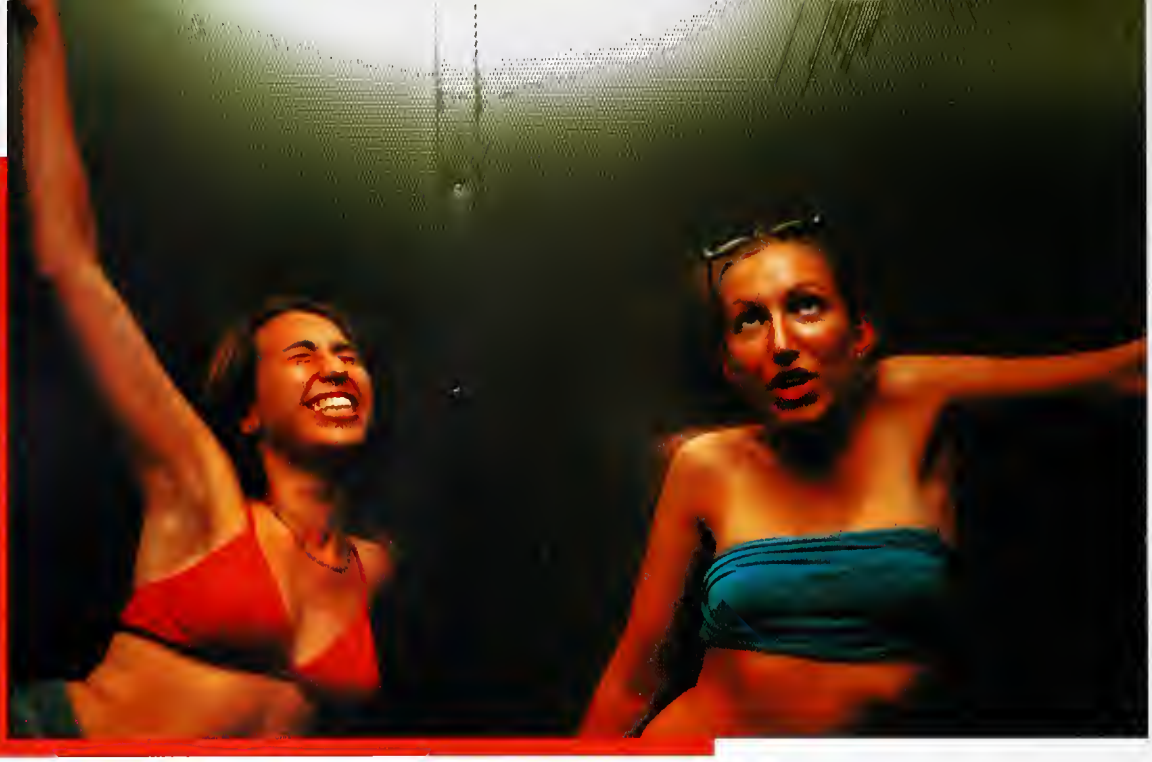
**Corey Ogrifer** is a tad dyslexic. She has nice, large, pink shoes and is almost getting the hang of ballet. It's amazing how well she moves with her bra around her ankles.

**Peter Richard** has a very big ... secret. He hates his short arms. He says one of his most difficult tasks every day is trying to open doors.

Everybody is equal at Loyola as **Tina, Lance** and **Jessica** all use the urinals. Jessica also believes that all people are equal but some things are just weird. Tina and Lance can't help but sing a duet while in the bathroom.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
The Wolf
Yearbook
2000

Jerry Morris is this issue's centerfold. He is graduating in communications broadcasting. His hobbies are ... well, very weird. This picture is from the movie *Under Your Covers America*. Jerry plays a janitor by day and moonlights as a gigolo. A possibly more fitting title would be *Don't Quit Your Day Job*.



**Jennifer Skin** and **Amy Wierzmatop** (she's German) look surprised to see the dressing room they entered is really an elevator. Jennifer says, "Like, oh my God!" and Amy says, "The door *would* open to a guy holding a camera."

**Richard** is relaxing between classes. He says his favorite thing about being nude is not wearing any clothes.

**Ms. Shell** shows off Loyola's racks in the library. She says that she sometimes likes to play a game called ninja streaking. She tries to streak from one side of the campus to the other without being seen.

*— Ryan Daul*
*— Photos by Michelle Cornejo*

# Faster, Professor! Kill! Kill!

I was born in the Philippines. My parents were what you might call colonialists. My father's first serious job was with a light and power company in upstate New York, and they had a relationship with a holding company which owned a light and power company in the Philippines and he had a chance to go abroad and work. I think it had to do with his reading of Conrad.

I remember sitting on the patio in the Philippines early in the morning before school and studying Latin with my father. He had a vacation coming in October of '41, and he didn't like the situation that was developing in the Far East at the time so he sent my mother and me home. We waited for him in Los Angeles. He joined us, and we picked up a car at the River Rouge plant of Ford in Detroit and then went to his family home in Ithaca and were there when the war was declared.

The car was a lot of fun. It was ordered for use in the Philippines and it had a right-hand drive. In World War II, you couldn't buy any car — everything was going toward the military — and so, whatever you had before the war, that was your car. And we had a new car. The trouble was that it was not right for American roads. The people would always stare ... "Why is that little kid sitting in the driver's seat?"

The year I was out of college I taught in Ilion, New York, which was a little company town which was dominated by Remington Arms. When you drove through on the highway you could tell you were in a factory town because there were big brick buildings on either side of the road with walkways up to the second and third floors.

I was married the year I got out of college. She was still finishing. I lived in Ilion and she lived in Syracuse — both Classical names. Lots of little towns in upstate New York were named by high school teachers, so they have names from the classics. Each weekend I would drive my little tiny Fiat from Ilion to Syracuse.

There was a time when there were three European cars that were sold on a mass basis in this country. Volkswagen Beetle, Renault and the Fiat. The Fiat was the least expensive — you know what people joke about Fiats now? F-I-A-T stands for Fix It Again, Tony? — and it certainly fit mine because it was in the garage more than it was running.

You know how in a two-door car the doors open this way [moves hands as if clutching his chest]? This one, the doors opened *that* way [hands out and to the front]. It gave you a real nice, wide entrance into the car, but was dangerous. They were called the suicide doors, you know, because if the doors were to come unlatched while you're driving, the car spins around and you get jerked out.

I bought it secondhand and I barely knew how to drive. The salesman who sold it to me was with an American car dealership and he had absolutely no knowledge of these cars. I said, "Well, look, it's got four gears. I thought cars only had three." And he said, "That fourth gear is for starting up if you're on a hill. You just use it like you have three gears and a special low gear."

So he had me shifting into fourth gear at 18 miles per hour, and this was an air-cooled engine, right? And to make an air-cooled engine work, you've got to rev it real high. A friend of mine who had a Volkswagen whose engine worked on the same principle said, "You're going to destroy the car." Which I did.

That car had a lot of heart, though it was seriously abused. It self-destructed on the way to Albuquerque and [my wife and I] traded it in for a Beetle. We got it brand new and it lasted us 16 years, from Albuquerque to here.

*— interview by John Metcalfe*

# Night of the LAME PARTIES

( though we admit there were some good ones )

(clockwise from bottom right)

We just don't know

It's always a party at the Wolf office, especially for English majors like Jessie Collier and Wesley Harris

One man for world peace at an Adam Oliver shindig

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JULIE SCHUMACHER! Now drink your beer

Morons in masks ... always a popular party feature

(clockwise from bottom left)

Say hello to the DJ

The aftermath

Maroon folk, with rare party catch Jason Dupuy (and next year's Maroon editor) lurking in the background

We'd like to know who took this picture

The sofa – aside from the toilet, the second most popular piece of party furniture

# Just like the real thing

Not everyone appreciates karaoke.

I can understand this. The word itself has a bad connotation. It smacks of restless nights in cheap bars, of tired fortysomethings mustering what little energy they have to give their best Tom Jones impersonations.

But I like — nay, love — karaoke. And, as I learned on a fateful weekend in March, karaoke doesn't come from any machine. No, it comes from a place within us all, a place you can reach only after soaking your innards with Budweiser and your heart with love.

But perhaps I'm getting just a little bit ahead of myself. Let me first tell you how my torrid affair with karaoke started.

The place was The Beach House. Located just off Clearview by the interstate, it hearkens back to a simpler time, a time when all you needed to succeed was a charming smile and a mighty roar to impress the ladies.

I arrived with my entourage around 10. The place was simply kicking with the soothing sounds of "Baby Got Back." Not one to miss out on the fun, I quickly signed up to sing. My song was Boston's "Peace of Mind."

I was a touch nervous. True, this wasn't the Filmore East, but I was nonetheless in front of a group of people who, with their cheers or boos, had the power to seal forever my fate as a karaokeer.

I rose to the occasion. If I do say, my performance was simply astounding. And I wasn't the only person who thought so.

"Yoo-ho," a female voice said from behind me as I walked from the stage. "Uh, hi," I said in return. Two thirty-something ladies were sitting at the bar and beckoning for me to come closer.

"You work at the mall, don't you?" one of them said.

Guilty as charged. At the time I did work in the mall at Gametrader, a used video game store.

"Yeah, I work at Gametrader, the video game store."

"Oh, yeah? My son loves video games," she said with a sly, come-hither look.

"Uh, neat. I, uh, gotta get back to my party," I said, thoroughly creeped out.

Such is the raw sexual power of karaoke that women with sons your age will have no inhibitions when it comes to throwing themselves at you.

As you can see, the seed was planted that night.

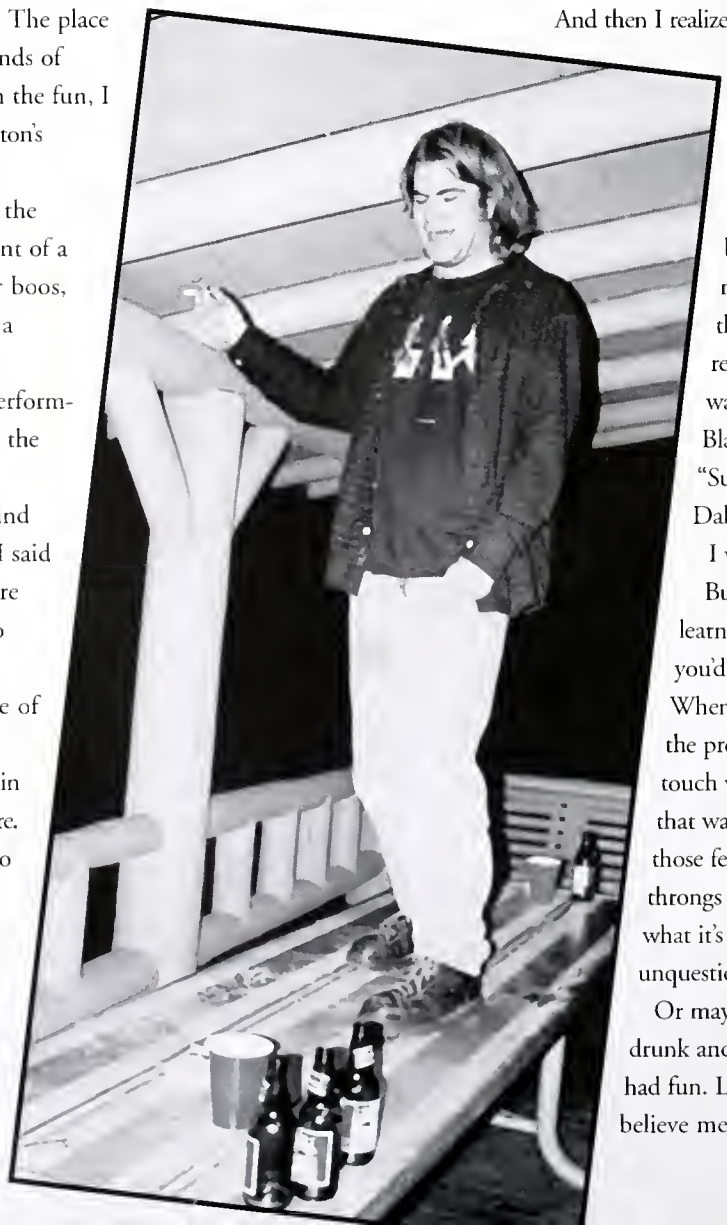
And it grew, and I karaoked more. Each night was a new conquest. Be it The Commodores or Cheap Trick, I was tearing up the karaoke stage with aplomb. And eventually, like a child tossing off his training wheels and becoming a man, I shed the microphone and speakers to learn that the music, you know, comes from within, metaphorically speaking.

So let's flash forward to mid-March when *The Maroon* was on its semesterly retreat.

To me, newspaper work just isn't newspaper work without a fine, malted beverage, and, after about seven such beverages, I was telling everyone, "Man, I, like, really love working with you, you know, and this is, like, really the most fun I've ever had."

And indeed it was fun, but I kept yearning for something more.

And then I realized what that something was.



The table outside wasn't much of a stage, but it would have to do.

No one had a karaoke machine at the retreat, either, but that didn't deter me from my goal. I perched myself above the onlookers and began taking requests. It was a good feeling. I was Mick Jagger singing "Paint it Black." I was Elvis Presley singing "Suspicious Minds." I was Roger Daltrey singing "My Generation."

I was incredibly drunk.

But, through that inebriation, I learned that karaoke is more than you'd think. Hear me out on this. When you sing — with or without the proper equipment — you get in touch with whatever it is inside you that wants to be something more. For those few moments, in front of your throngs of adoring fans, you know what it's like to be invincible and have unquestioning fealty from adoring fans.

Or maybe it's just an excuse to get drunk and strut and preen. Either way, I had fun. Look at the picture if you don't believe me. — *Jason Dupuy*

Putting on a skin-tight uniform and risking sprained ankles and catcalls or worse from drunken frat boys on the sidelines is not easy. We wouldn't do it if we didn't really love to dance, and didn't have a whole lot of fun.

In 2000-2001, the dance team has had one of its best years yet, and it goes into next season stronger than ever. With a record 18 members, the team has definitely grown from its small beginnings.

We continue to expand as more people realize how enjoyable and rewarding dancing can be. While requiring a great deal of strenuous practice, dancing is also extremely fun. For us and anyone else who has ever witnessed some of the pre- and during-practice antics, that's one of the most important things.

A dancer has to keep a sense of humor to manage the frustration dancing can cause. The routines that the dance team perform are complex, involving intricate series of movements that must be memorized and executed flawlessly. While the dances may look as if they come naturally at performances, a lot of messing-up comes first.

To ensure the level of performance remains at the top, each dancer must try out for her spot on the dance team every year.

This year, the try-outs included one moment that the team often recalled when they wanted to lighten-up the mood at practices throughout the year.

Everyone had prepared to perform one piece. The routine was designed to challenge the dancers and let the judges know how well they could articulate intricate cycles of movements.

Sometimes though, executing the complicated moves isn't as hard as remembering which one goes first.

Several dancers had finished their routine already and Cathy Chopin was up next. She had stayed up late rehearsing the night before and was still a little nervous.

The music started and she waited for her cue. She heard it, but she continued to wait. She knew she had missed the beat, she felt she should be moving, but her mind drew a blank.

An amazing surprise to everyone who thought she was in trouble, Cathy pulled from the recesses of her memory a dance that she had known by heart since girlhood — she interpreted the Jennifer Grey dance from the last scene of *Dirty Dancing* (but Swayze-less and to some techno beat).

The gambit didn't quite work in that she eventually ended up redoing the routine she originally intended, but Cathy's surprise completely succeeded in sending everyone in attendance into a fit of laughter that still hasn't completely died down.

For the women of the team, dancing is an outlet, something to do to get away from schoolwork and be around friends at the same time. With her early antics, Cathy set the stage for the rest of the year.

There was plenty of hard work required too, and the dance team has experienced success. This year they even traveled to their first road game. Next year they expect to do this more often.

Team captain Kristen Walther led the weekly practices and choreographed the routines that we performed during halftime at the basketball games. Walther and the rest of the team is extremely proud of the year's outcome.

Aside from being in the half-time shows, the team also participated in programs such as Take Back the Night, which we helped sponsor this year. Next year we'll expand our campus involvement.

2001-2002 appears that it will be the team's most promising year on the dance floors, too. We have already scheduled to take part in an inter-collegiate competition in February. They team also will participate in the American All-Star dance program.

Until the last two years, much of Loyola was unaware there even was a dance team. But with determination we have both grown in size and reputation.

We've had more than a few moments on the way where either we thought we were going to die of frustration or of laughter. Looking back, we realize the two go hand in hand.

*— Patricia Porchase and Luke Kummer*

# For They Are The Future ...
# The Kids-N-Health Club

The Kids-N-Health Club is a relatively new addition to Loyola University. Founded in October of 1999, it strives to educate the children of our community about safe and healthy habits.

President Lauren White and vice president Elizabeth Rechtin worked hard this year to get the club off the ground. We visited the New Orleans Children's Museum to discuss with kids topics such as how to talk to strangers, anger management and sickness prevention and care. Hands-on interactions made the event fun for everyone.

For Mardi Gras, we visited Children's Hospital dressed as Mickey and Minnie Mouse, a genie, Beanie Babies and a fairy princess. We gave out beads, decorated their medical equipment and helped them make Mardi Gras masks and paper king cakes.

Our last event was the Earth Fest at the Audubon Zoo. Our booth, decorated with whimsical caterpillars and butterflies, was complete with a fishing pond.

We also enjoyed watching our faculty sponsor, assistant psychology professor Mukul Bhalla and Lauren's dad Glenn wash the cars at our car wash. We were busy eating the cookies Bhalla brought.

Undergrad and grad students from the education, psychology and pre-med departments comprise much of our membership, but we welcome anyone to join.

— *Lauren White*

**Left:** Lauren White's dad does his thing at the KNH car wash while club members eat cookies.

**Above Left:** Lauren (middle) and Laura Kenny sitting at the Children's Museum.

**Above:** KNH's booth at Audubon Zoo's Earth Fest, complete with stuffed animals.

photos courtesy of Lauren White

# Puerto Rican Presence at Loyola

The Latin community in this university has the tendency to stick together. Many outsiders stereotype this group by the images portrayed through the individual personalities intermingling: loudness, fidgeting and exaggeration.

The fact that the student population believes that Latin people segregate themselves from others demonstrates the lack of observation within our college. It is clear that we do appreciate the company of those who make us feel at home; it is a cultural and ethnic similarity that is impossible to ignore and it is a reminder of the home we miss so much. However, even though we go to the Latin nights at Mosaico, the Almas Gemelas concerts and the salsa shows at Café Brasil, we also enjoy the jazz bands at Dragon's Den, the hip-hop nights at Butlers, Rebirth Brass Band at the Maple Leaf Bar and beer specials at Mystic along with everybody else. The only reason why the Loyola community envisions our union as a sort of separation is because of the language barrier.

When the Puerto Ricans, Costa Ricans, Panamanians, Columbians, Venenzuelans, Cubans or others see each other at school, they yell from across campus in Spanish and kiss on the cheek at "hello." This confuses those who are not used to these customs and makes them more curious of the habits that make the Latin community stand out. However, if a blond guy from New York yelled from the other side of the Peace Quad at his friend, he would also draw attention to himself.

Specific behaviors or relationships with people are always a source for stereotyping and assuming. This explains the label of the drastic Latin persona. Nevertheless, in the drastic personalities, the exaggeration, the loudness and the fidgeting that mark our differences is where we are all united.

We are one people. The world would be very boring if we did not have the differences that make us want to be around each other: ethnic, racial, cultural, personal, creative, intellectual, physical and emotional. But within those differences, the lines are not thick enough to make unbreakable borders.

La comunidad latina de esta universidad tiene la tendencia de mantenerse agrupados todo el tiempo. Muchos estereotipan a este grupo por lo que ven cuando las personalidades individuales se mezclan: gritería, movimiento constante y exageración.

El hecho que la población universitaria piense que la gente latina se separa de los otros es una falta de observación. Claramente apreciamos la compañía de ésos que nos hacen sentir como en casa, ya que es una similitud cultural y étnica que es imposible de ignorar y que es un recuerdo de la vida lejana que extrañamos tanto. Pero, a pesar que fiestamos en las noches latinas de Mosaico, en los conciertos de Almas Gemelas y los shows de salsa de Café Brasil, también disfrutamos las bandas de jazz del Dragon's Den, las noches de *hip-hop* de Butlers y los especiales de cerveza de Mystic con todos los demás. Por ende, la única razón que la comunidad de Loyola considera nuestra unión como un tipo de segregación es por la barrera del lenguaje.

Cuando los Puertorriqueños, los Costarriquences, los Panameños, los Colombianos, los Venenzolanos, los Cubanos y otros se ven en la escuela, se gritan en español de un lado del campo al otro y se saludan con un beso en la mejilla. Esto confunde a las personas que no están integradas a las cosrumbres y por eso es que la población latina sobresale en la universidad. Y si un muchacho rubio de Nueva York le grita del otro lado del Peace Quad a su amigo, él también atraería la arención de todos.

Cierros comportamientos y relaciones de personas o grupos son la causa de los estereotípos. Esto explica la imagen de la persona latina como drástica. En cambio, son esras personalidades drásticas, estas exageraciones, estas griterías y estos movimienros constantes que marcan nuestras diferencias y nos unen.

Todos somos una misma especie. El mundo sería bien aburrido si no tuviéramos las diferencias que nos atraen a estar alrededor de cada uno: étnicas, raciales, culturales, personales, creativas, intelectuales, físicas y emocionales. Y es entre ésas mismas que las líneas de diferenciación no son suficientemenre gordas como para causar una barrera irrompible.

*— Mayté Bayolo — photos courtesy of Mayté Bayolo*

# LOYOLA GREENS WITH DICED TURNIPS

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A college education is not found only in classes and books. Loyola Green Club/Environmental Action's mission is to educate students and provide opportunities to make a difference. Every person counts and is able to have an impact on the world.

Organizations like us need students to prosper, and students need organizations to fully develop.

Loyola Greens is the environmental/eco-justice organization on campus. Our goal is to empower our community through education on environmental justice issues, and to take action against injustice.

We work on projects such as campus recycling, encouraging vegetarianism, working with community issues, bringing speakers and organizing events, performances and educational trips.

The Loyola Green Club and Environmental Action are two groups who merged because of their similar goals and missions. The Green Club is a Loyola chapter of the Green Party, and Environmental Action is a project of the Loyola University Community Action Program.

One program that has progressed this year is the recycling program. We run the residence hall recycling program that collects aluminum and paper and we are currently working to include plastic. We also try to get students to be more conscious of their trash output.

We are always working on different issues, but need the input and commitment of students. Now is the time, here is the place. Get involved in what is important: the environment around you where we live, work and play. — *Rosina Roibal*

**1.** Know where your money goes. Is it going to companies that only care about profits? Are they exploiting workers or the environment? Abusing animals? Are their products or services hurting your body? Are they manipulating your mind through lies in their ads?

Be a wise consumer! Don't spend money on things you don't need. Buy second-hand goods and recycle or borrow and trade (fairly). Don't support globalization, monopolization, capitalism, or labor exploitation by shopping at the mall (GAP, Banana Republic), fast food chains (McDonald's, Pizza Hut, Burger King, Wendy's, who also are responsible for the abuse/murder of millions of animals, and the destruction of forests), or products such as Coca-Cola (who also doesn't use recycled plastic in their bottles), Levi's Jeans, Procter & Gamble, items made by companies that use animals to test their products (like Tide, Crest), gasoline from Shell or Exxon, alcoholic beverages.

Every cent counts. And with every penny you spend, you are probably helping this evil machine ruin the world you love. And are you spending too much? Try harder to find cheap entertainment that is fun and educational.

The Greens Club spreading its seed in a New Orleans community garden.

**2.** Use your time wisely, don't work for money if you don't have to. The less you need to buy, the less money you spend, the less working for money you need to do. Then you can do more effective, healthy things in the rest of this list.

**3.** Treat your body right. It is not beneficial to the world if you, an activist, are working so hard, spending all your time/energy—if your body is not functioning properly! It's pure physics: you need to take in energy (food/ vitamins/ sleep) to put out energy. Eating right = many veggies, fruit, water (not junk, alcohol, smoke, dead animals). Exercise equals = good (run, dance, act, play music).

**4.** Educate yourself inside and outside of school. Read as much as you can, especially alternative media/books like "The Nation" newsletter, "Voces Unidos", LUCAP's "Voices", Zinn's "A People's History of the U.S", anything by Chomsky or Marx, Freire "Oppression", zines, listserves/e-mails, vegetarian books like "The higher taste". Listen to shows like National Public Radio, WWNO, WWOZ. Traveling is a great educational experience. Learn about other cultures. See the truth about other countries and their governments, such as Cuba, our neighbor. Talk to people with different experiences and knowledge such as Al Alcazar, John Clark, Edward McCaughan, Anthony Ladd, Jacqueline Bishop and Audrey Evans.

**5.** Keep your mind open. Everyone is different. This is good (diversity). No being is better than another. Accept people's differences. Be creative and wild, not boring. Open your bubble sometimes. Realize that there are many people (too many) who are closed-minded, ignorant, apathetic and careless. But you must be patient, yet aggressive. These people need you to educate them, even if they don't know they do. Don't let people get away with being racist, prejudiced or closed-minded.

**6.** Keep your eyes open. Read e-mail announcements, fliers and attend as many activities, meetings, events as possible. Visit information tables, donate your money, and sign petitions. Organizations and your fellow students need your support. Find the organizations that share your interests, and get involved. If you can't find organizations with the same interests as you, it is simple to form your own and find others who are willing to help.

**7.** Once you commit to an organization, responsibility, or event, stay committed and work on it with dedication, making it a priority. Half-ass is not good. Get as involved as you can, but don't spread yourself thin. Remember other priorities too, such as graduating/passing classes (and for me, music).

**8.** Take an active role as leader of a group and make an effort to make a difference in society. Network with other groups and educate others.

*"Ignorance is bliss, knowledge is power."* — *Rosina Roibal*

# IT'S ALL GR

ΑΔΓ

ALPHA DELTA GAMMA

ΒΕΓΓΑΡΣ

BEGGARS

## HITTIN' THE BOOKS

**ABOVE LEFT:** Several members of Alpha Delta Gamma gather for a fraternity picture.

**ABOVE:** A few members of the Beggars Fraternity pose in the Peace Quad.

**LEFT:** Members of Phi Kappa Psi and Theta Phi Alpha hold a Greek study session in the Monroe Library.

# EEK TO US

ΦΒΣ

PHI BETA SIGMA

**ABOVE:** (left to right) Wayne Lewis, Eric James and Kendrick Johnson represent Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity in the Palm Court.

**RIGHT:** Members of Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity and friends grin for the camera at Greek quad games during Greek Week.

**BELOW:** The winner of Alpha Phi Alpha's Black and Gold Beauty Pageant.

ΦΚΨ

PHI KAPPA PSI

ΦΚΨ

PHI KAPPA PSI

## GOBBLE GOBBLE GIVEAWAY

## SMOKE ON THE WATER, FIRE IN THE SKY

**TOP RIGHT:** Phi Kappa Psi members gave out turkeys to underprivileged families for Thanksgiving.

**TOP LEFT:** Some Phi Psi members dressed like turkeys.

**RIGHT:** Fireworks light up the sky over the Steamboat Natchez, the site of the university's annual Riverboat dance and the start of Greek Week.

ΣΦΕ

SIGMA PHI EPSILON

A few Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity members and friends shoot the breeze at a Greek Week event in the Peace Quad.

## A FOXY FORMAL

ΑΧΟ

ALPHA CHI OMEGA

Alpha Chi Omega members in their formal frocks just outside the sorority's Red Carnation Ball held at the Doubletree Hotel downtown.

## ALL IN THE FAMILY

Twin sisters Shelly (left) and Laura (right) Spansel don their Greek letters. Laura is a member of Theta Phi Alpha, while Shelly is a member of Delta Gamma.

ΔΓ

DELTA GAMMA

## THE SOFT(BALL)ER SIDE OF DG

Delta Gamma members and friends celebrate winning the intramural softball championship.

## "IT'S THE CHEESIEST!"

ΓΦΒ

GAMMA PHI BETA

Gamma Phi Beta Sorority members and new recruits say "cheese" at their Bid Day party at Chuck E. Cheese. Chuck himself dropped in on the event.

## GET TO STEPPIN'

ΘΦΛ

THETA PHI ALPHA

## HO! HO! WHOA MAMA!

ΔΣΘ

DELTA SIGMA THETA

**ABOVE LEFT:** Theta Phi Alpha members take a break and a photo at the sorority's Christmas Party.
**ABOVE RIGHT:** A Delta Sigma Theta member practices step dance moves in her dorm room.

## LIFE'S A BEACH

ΡΧ

RHO CHI

Rho Chis, or Rush Counselors, take a break from their retreat on the beach to take a picture.

ΘΦΑ

THETA PHI ALPHA

## SAY "AH!"

## VOLLEY GIRLS

**ABOVE LEFT:** Anna Berding, Theta Phi Alpha member and English literature junior, opens wide to show that she ate some strange concoction at a food game based on "Survivor" during Greek Week.
**ABOVE RIGHT:** Theta Phi members gather around for a picture before a friendly game of volleyball.

Loyola University New Orleans

THE MAROON

VOL. 79

2000-2001

# Marooners survive bang-up year

*The Maroon* celebrates a year well done by eating squished sandwiches in City Park

For the past 78 years, *The Maroon* has trained new writers, produced great editors and challenged Loyola to ask questions that expose it to criticism while enticing new generations of Loyolians to think outside the box.

During the fall semester, Robert Treadway was the steering wheel at *The Maroon*, serving as editor in chief. Under his leadership, the staff published 16 issues, most of them in color. It was an experiment staff members decided to take on before the year began to see if *The Maroon* could increase its frequency of publication.

In the spring, Liz Stuart stepped into the job of editor in chief. As editor, she guided the staff in its coverage of the alleged Sigma Phi Epsilon attack on a Beggars fraternity member and reminded staffers to be "fair, balanced and accurate."

Each semester, enthusiastic young writers join *The Maroon* staff, breathing new life into the paper and finding pleasure in spilling words onto the printed page. These energetic writers are thrown into the fire *Maroon* staffers call Wednesday production nights. This is when they find out what putting a newspaper together is all about.

Hair tossed from side to side, pencils behind the ears, copies of everything from Friday's newspaper to tomorrow's homework are mashed together in one big semi-organized pile that to my best recollection I used to call a desk. Wednesday nights are not only made up of printer problems, cold pizza and late-night computer crashes. They are made up of exhausted writers and tired editors who stare at computer screens with jaws open wide, amazed at the big block of white space they must fill after someone didn't turn in a story.

Crystal Bolner

*Maroon* staffers enjoy themselves at the NO/AIDS Walk.

And just when the editor thinks everything on the page is absolutely perfect, an extra comma appears out of nowhere. Then it's a period. Uh oh, they realize, the words don't even make a sentence. Didn't anyone check this? Back to the computer.

Finally, after everything is printed, all of the stories are on the page and the newspaper is sent off to Dixie Web Graphics, we turn the lights off in the newsroom and the ghosts of production night past fall silent.

Just beyond the second curve on Earhart Expressway's three-lane speedway, there is an overpass that my car knows well. It speeds pass this turn early Thursday mornings around 6 a.m. as the sun rises above cold, sturdy concrete towers. The next thing I know, I surrender to my exhaustion, toppling onto the bed.

Though members of *The Maroon* spend many hours in room 328 of the Music/Communications building, occasionally we step out for a breath of fresh air. In the fall, *The Maroon* helped in the fight against AIDS by participating in New Orleans' annual NO/AIDS walk.

We also sponsored Free Speech Alley in both the fall and spring semesters. The premise behind Free Speech Alley is to

Crystal Bolner

stick a microphone out in an open area and give anyone who craves it an opportunity to air their grievances and gratitude. In the fall, many students got a chance to speak out against an 8 percent tuition increase. Words on a page sometimes inspire great passion on an issue, but when you gather 15 to 30 young adults with raging hormones into a small area, you are bound to get equally interesting outcomes.

During the fall, *The Maroon* held its semester retreat in a condo on the beaches of Gulf Shores, Ala. We were bold. We risked it all, playing in the Gulf of Mexico's surf through the twilight hours of chilly October. The paper held its spring retreat at Mandeville's Fountainbleu State Park, where staff members cooked homemade spaghetti and approached old-fashioned meatballs in a whole new way, *a la* crushed potato chips. Late into the night, staffers sang serenades to the deer and surrounding wildlife.

Robert Treadway

Despite hours of practicing when working on the paper got boring, *The Maroon* got slaughtered by SGA in volleyball this year.

Sports editors Leo Juarez and Phillip Watson get friendly in the office after work.

When *The Maroon* arrives at the show, believe me, everyone knows. The staff may have seemed awkward stumbling off the tiresome two-hour plane ride into Washington D.C.'s Ronald Reagan Airport for the Associated Collegiate Press Convention in November. But staff members transformed into seasoned pros when the newspaper won its first place award for Best Online Newspaper for the third year in a row. I cannot divulge all of the secrets of that trip, but I can say that the kind folks of our great Capital City breathed a great sigh of relief when Marooners left on their final Metro ride back to Ronald Reagan Airport.

Caught in the middle of a late winter storm, *The Maroon* later made headlines in *The Times-Picayune* when it traveled to Columbus, Miss., for the Southeastern Journalism Conference. Staff members drove three hours to the conference, but were elated when they found that they had walked into a budding journalist's dream — a natural disaster.

*The Maroon* was in the middle of a tornado that hit the town. Instead of sugarplums, dreams of headlines and bylines were dancing in our heads. Oak trees hundreds of years old were ripped up by their roots, car windows shattered and residents of the area stood outside their homes in shock and expressed words of horror about the damage caused to their town. *Maroon* reporters soaked it in and wrote about it in the very next issue.

Late in the year, *The Maroon* held a picnic under the canopy of oak trees in City Park. Frisbees and homemade sandwiches were the delicacies of the day. Finally, *The Maroon* ended its year with a blowout game of volleyball against SGA. It was a chance for both sides to relax, but competitive personalities on both sides battled it out on the court. SGA won, five out of five, but, as journalists, *The Maroon* will ultimately get the last word.

So we had a great year, and it took a lot of work to make that happen. These truths are fact. And as Joe Friday from Dragnet would say, all the audience really wants to know are the facts, ma'am, just the facts.

*— Crystal Bolner*

Health & Wellness editor Danielle Mastropiero.

# Crawling around the UNDERGROUND

There's a lot more to do in The Underground than **overdose on caffeine.** In the past year, our **subterranean cafe** has carried student bands, singers, open mic maniacs and comedy troupes.

RIGHT: **Sweeter than the sugar, warmer than the coffee,** the people behind the counters keep the place running smoothly.

ABOVE: **It's easy to be funny when you've got a guitar.** Rick Malphrus (with guitar) and James Asmus (sans guitar), of Plan B stir up the crowd with a song.

ight: **Get p and ing.** Open ic night ves guys ke Xavier arnegie a nance to rut their uff.

LEFT: **Don't think of it as losing a PJ's. Think of it as gaining a Java Coast.** If nothing else is going on, there's always coffee.

LEFT: **Hum if you don't know the words.** Student bands like the Nude Antz are always welcome crowd pleasers.

# THEY ARE THE LAW

And now they're graduated. Congratulations Loyola law students.

# Marathon Woman

People run marathons for various reasons — physical benefits, like cardiovascular or aerobic fitness, to lose weight or get in shape. Others seek a sense of achievement or simply delight in the mystery of endurance.

The marathon isn't for the physically or psychologically weak. It's both physically and psychologically challenging. The training itself can be very difficult. It requires setting daily, weekly and monthly running goals. You must train to prepare the body and the mind. In addition to goal setting, discipline, commitment, time and sacrifice are absolutely necessary. They're tantamount to marathon success.

Although I've run half-marathons locally, my marathon experiences are limited to the New York City Marathon. The New York Marathon is consistently rated one of the top in the world, second only to Boston's.

In comparison to other top marathons, Chicago or Los Angeles, for example, the NYC Marathon is a rigorous 26.2 mile course because there are five bridges to cross during the race and hills are much higher than other courses. Even the last six miles in Central Park has marked elevations.

It's considered one of the most grueling physical endurance events. But it requires not just physical but psychological endurance as well

Many of the runners in the marathon are Olympic athletes. Then there are the other 20,000 of us who elect to do marathons not because we're Olympic hopefuls, but simply because we enjoy the event.

One reason I really enjoy the New York Marathon is that the marathoners come from all over the world. They have a slogan: The New York City Marathon - "where the world comes to run." It's a cultural experience. Diversity is ever-present — race, ethnicity, ability, occupations, socio-economic status, education, etc. Frequently the runner next to you doesn't speak English.

There also are individuals who inspire the runners along the 26.2 mile course. Once, I remember seeing a father who pushed his mentally challenged son in a wheelchair for the 26.2 miles. Another time, I saw a guy who appeared to be a bilateral traumatic amputee ... he lost his legs in Vietnam. His torso actually rests on a padded platform. He did the 26.2 miles with his fists wrapped or padded with material — looked like boxing gloves. This was his source of mobility.

So for many marathoners, especially novice ones, when you suddenly feel a blister starting, some chaffing, or an ache and you see runners challenged in these ways ... it brings to mind a social psychology concept called "social comparison." It's a process whereby individuals compare their condition, status, etc. to others. Some folks engage in upward comparison — comparing oneself to another who seems to fare better. Downward comparison — an individual perceives their condition as better off after comparing oneself with one who's worse off.

The NYC marathon takes runners through all five boroughs of NYC. Many of the residents make hard candy, banana slices, orange wedges, Gatorade or water available to the marathoners along the course.

On my first NYC marathon, I had been told that the people who will give the most are the ones who can afford the least. New Yorkers, rich and poor seem to love the marathoners on that one day every November.

I recall a particular time when I slowed my pace because a spectator ahead, a lady, had prepared what appeared to be shots of Coca Cola poured in small paper cups. Feeling like I could benefit from some liquid calories, this woman had her liter of coke set up and, I guess, she wanted to stretch that liter of coke as far as possible. She must have reconstituted the soda 20 times beforehand, it was so watered down. Here I was hoping to get some fuel or carbohydrates — it tasted like nothing more than colored water.

During the long training runs, one thing you have to consider is available water supplies. During the marathon there are fluid replacement tables every mile or so but not on hot and humid Saturday mornings in August in New Orleans. There have been many times that I've had to sneak down someone's alley for their garden hose, spray myself down and hope they don't come out disapproving.

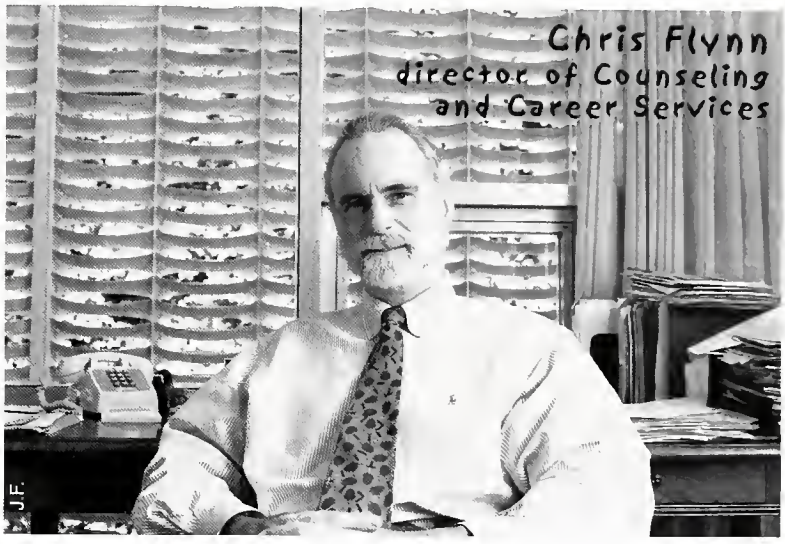
Other times, I've been forced to take advantage of homes with water sprinklers on front lawns. I've also frequented libraries, school and church yards, hair salons, eateries, and convenient stores. Sometimes I've had to plead for water, saying I'll come back and pay later. Most of them are very obliging. In fact, I don't recall ever being refused. Well, I had a few odd nods or hesitations.

*— interview by Lauren White*

# Guns, Guts and PSYCHOLOGY

Growing up in the '70s, we saw significantly greater drug use than we see these days. I've always been interested in substance abuse, helping people with drinking problems, in part because — they call it the "Irish virus," you know, so lots of my friends and friends' parents had substance abuse problems.

When I went to school in the '70s, people ... we often took time off to "find ourselves." So I worked in political campaigns for a couple years. I worked for a friend who was the youngest person ever elected to the Massachusetts House — he was elected before he turned 21. In between [campaigns] I worked for a lumber company, where I drove a truck and worked in the office eventually. ... That's when I decided it was time for me to get back to school and be a psychologist.




I liked politics, except it's hard to see change occurring throughout a system. We were pretty idealistic back in the '70s, but I felt I'd much rather work one-on-one with people who are troubled and help them change their lives rather than try to change a political system.

I worked in a number of hospital settings before I got involved in college mental health. My first year out of college [1977], I worked in a psychiatric hospital in my hometown of Concord, Massachusetts, where I was primarily responsible for patients who were suffering from alcoholism, depression or psychosis. That was pretty interesting because a number of people who I worked with were people I knew growing up, which was kind of scary.

While in graduate school [1982], I did my internship at the Miami VA [Veterans Administration] Medical Center, where I worked at the alcohol and drug unit, which also treated compulsive gamblers. We saw a lot of veterans who came back with post-traumatic stress disorder, people who had witnessed atrocities, seen their friends killed, had been forced to shoot people. ... Fighting the Vietcong at that time was very stressful, because they would booby-trap women and children and then send them up to groups of soldiers as suicide bombers. You couldn't trust children — this 12-year-old child approaching you might be carrying a loaded weapon, might be Vietcong. A lot of these guys ended up shooting kids who were 12, 14 years old. One of the ways that people deal with this is to drink.

When I worked in the psychiatric unit in my hometown, over 50 percent of the admissions were for alcohol-related reasons. At the Miami VA hospital, 50 percent of ALL hospital admissions either had alcoholism as a primary or secondary diagnosis. I worked mostly with Vietnam veterans who, when they came in, typically were drinking a case of beer a day in addition to a fifth of Jack Daniels.

The year after that, I worked in Springfield State Hospital in Maryland ... I was on an in-patient acute care unit partially for people whose problems were so severe that they were required to be in a locked unit for their own safety.

After finishing my first year in graduate school, I needed to make a little money, so I took a part-time job at a liquor store outside Baltimore. ...

One morning, two guys came in around 11, I guess, and it looked like they were high on something. I was working with an ex-cop — an interesting guy, the highest-ranking member of the Baltimore police force to ever be indicted and convicted of bribery. ...

These guys came in and they were kind of casing the joint, and one of the guys bought a quart of beer and on the way out he dropped it. He asked the guy I was working with if he could get a replacement.

This guy was kind of a hardass, being an ex-cop, and he said 'No.'

I could tell they didn't like that. They argued a little and then left.

About 40 minutes later the guy who had dropped the beer came back in, walked over to the guy I was working with, told him he was a "blankety-blank," took out a razor knife and started trying to cut him from across the counter, trying to cut his face. ... A customer came in and saw what was happening — I was moving toward the front at the time, too — and we went to grab this guy who had the knife, catch him from behind. We grabbed him and then I heard this voice say, "Don't move," and there's a guy holding a gun to the side of my head.

The next thing I heard was a bullet, rattling on the floor. He had pulled the trigger and the gun had misfired. I didn't really quite realize what had happened at the time. I started to back up, thinking if he shot me again, I didn't want him shooting me in the head.

Well, the manager was upstairs watching the close-circuit TV, saw what was going on and came down with *his* gun. These guys saw him coming in the back way, and they ran outside and exchanged shots. They were arrested later on. Turned out they had robbed five places ... and were suspected of more robberies and a couple of killings, and, uhm ...

I mean, I was traumatized. I think that I had nightmares for a number of weeks, had real trouble going back to work and facing people. If I saw anyone who looked suspicious, my anxiety level would get high, and that's a minor symptom of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. Later on, when I worked at the VA system, it was really helpful to have gone through that experience ... it helped me to understand some of [the patients'] reactions.

Seeing people recover has always been satisfying. One guy who lived in [Concord], who used to sleep in the Dumpster in the apartment complex I lived in, had been admitted to the hospital I worked at 32 times for detox — 32 times! And on the 32nd time — this guy was probably 60 — he got sober. That's a great thing, you know? The message [in this] is 'Never give up on anyone, because they're going to make it eventually.'

*— interview by John Metcalfe*

# The Dirt on DURGA

"If I had a d—, I'd be hung like Satan." Subzero Permafrost is an unusual crowdpleaser at a Jesuit school.

Never send a man to do a woman's job.

According to Hindu folklore, when the male gods couldn't defeat the evil buffalo demon Mahisha, what did they do? They combined their souls into the goddess Durga, and outfitted her with weapons. Armed and riding a lion, she kicked Mahisha's ass.

Produced by women and for women, "Durga" rocked the Res Quad on March 21. Maria Landrum, English writing junior, was one of the principal organizers of the event. She explains how the festival got its name.

"Durga is a really strong image of a woman," she says. Landrum named the festival in homage to Lilith Fair, the first all-female music tour, and to Sarah McLachlan, who created it.

"The name 'Durga' had to do with me being a dork. I looked up Hindu goddesses on the Internet," she says.

Durga fights the eight evils that plague humankind: hatred, greed, lust, vanity, contempt of others, envy, jealousy and the illusions to which humans attach themselves.

'Durga' was created with equally noble motives. Landrum kept the event focused on diversity issues by cosponsoring the event with Women's Issues and inviting groups such as GOAL, Amnesty International, the Lesbian and Gay Community Center of New Orleans and Loyola Greens to set up informational tables at the festival.

"The reason we're here is to support diversity, because that's what GOAL is all about," says Jordan Blankenship, English literature senior and member of GOAL.

By inviting groups like GOAL, Landrum hoped to make the event more than just a concert. "It shouldn't just be entertaining, it should also be educational," she says.

Barbara Webster, president of Women's Issues, thinks bringing groups committed to diversity on campus is just a part of the educational aspect of the festival.

"Getting people outside the university involved helps put Loyola out in the community. It brings local women musicians to campus," Webster says.

"It reflects 60 percent of our student body. We at Student Affairs think it's wonderful," says Jim Eiseman, vice president of Student Affairs.

Although this was the first year for the festival, both Landrum and Webster were pleased with the turnout.

"I think we should do it every year and make it bigger and bigger and better and better. We could have it as a tradition on campus for Women's Month," says Webster.

Although the lineup included a rapper, a poet, an alumna, a student and one blue-haired lady, Landrum hopes for even more variety next year.

Those who came to the concert had their favorite performers.

"I've seen Mishkin a couple times," says Eiseman, "at that Irish bar that starts with a 'K.'"

Murial Roseman liked Majeedah Johnson's poetry, especially "Femininity."

Karlynne Washington, international business sophomore, didn't care who was on the stage. "I am willing to enjoy any type of art," she says.

According to Laura Freeman, who performed at the event, there is a need for women-driven festivals like 'Durga.'

"It's totally necessary. The music industry is dominated by men," she says.

Webster agrees. "It's good to show women who write their own music and produce their own albums. It serves as an alternative to the mindless and exploitative music we're exposed to on the TVs in the Danna Center." — *Elizabeth Buchta*

The 'Durga' audience sits in thrawl of th raging femininity of it all.

Johnson, biology sophomore, nse in honor of her mother.

Barbar Webster and Theresa Daine snack at the Women's Issues info table.

D.B.

Who is the REAL Frenchie ???

D.B.

# CULTURE CLUB

son George, playing leading letch, jumps on Jen Carriere
a Marianne) in this year's production of Moliere's "Tartuffe."

Pot Till You Drop 2001 — regulated as always by Steve Rucker (above) and the Mudpies.

*— photos by Jocelyn Fusco*

# The Poster Art of Tadanori Yokoo

横尾忠則

Japanese poster artist, Tadanori Yokoo, displays his artwork at Loyola on the fourth floor of the Monroe Library.

# GAY SOIREE

## Divine Decadence: a different kind of prom

Prom is that magical time all young people look forward to. Prom is that special night when awkward boys turn into young men and girls transform into elegant ladies. In their lovely gowns, these ladies are whisked away by their bow-tied beaus into a night of enchantment.

But seriously, I don't know anyone who actually enjoyed his or her prom.

The prom-goers are dressed and posed like Barbie and Ken dolls by their over-excited parents, who shoot a couple rolls of film to sufficiently embarrass their children.

Some hate their dates; some get stood up. The actual prom consists of bad food and bad music. I mean, who wants to see their teacher or principal on a weekend night? Most students just look forward to drinking afterwards, and they end up drinking too much and vomiting, anyway.

Proms basically suck, but they suck even more for gay students who are forced to take out members of the opposite sex. In January, Gay Outreach at Loyola fixed this problem with its first Gay Prom.

Students gathered at Lucky Cheng's in the French Quarter to celebrate in an accepting atmosphere that was denied to them in high school. Boys danced with boys and girls danced with girls. The prom king and queen were both girls. It was just like a real prom, except there were no principals on our backs about dancing too close.

**GOAL is a group that seeks to provide education, awareness, support and services to those members of the Loyola community interested in lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender issues. This is an exciting time for the LGBT movement and GOAL members are proud to make our contribution.**

**Other GOAL events from this year include: the NO/AIDS Walk, the Gay Pride Parade (we had a float!), Coming Out Day activities (we passed out lollipops with gay factoids), movies, and Coming Out Support Groups.**

# Strolling Around at the Tennessee Williams Fest

The fifteenth annual Tennessee Williams/New Orleans Literary Festival was among the best. Again this spring, literary types and folks who love listening to literary types talk packed the French Quarter for a variety of events scheduled at the renown festival. If you don't remember the moments pictured here, then you really should get out more.

Clockwise from top left — Tennessee Williams' brother, Dankin, talks with festival audiences, Loyola writer in residence James Nolan performs with vocalist Kim Prevost, Guy Schaafs, drama and advertising junior, collects his prize for being the biggesr loud-mouth at the Hey Stella Shouting Contest, and Pulitzer Prize winning author Phillip Caputo signs books after a master class.

## Life as a Gleason Girl

My mother put me in dance school at age seven and I haven't stopped yet.

When I finished high school, I got into the New Orleans Opera Ballet and decided I wanted to be more. I wanted to go to New York, and my mother was very nice — she went with me. Then I was taking classes, and three weeks after I got to New York there was an audition for "Oklahoma," which was on Broadway .

So three weeks after being there I'm on Broadway and then I spent two years with the national tour. I was a dancer, but after two years, I had done almost everything. I was one of Laurie's friends, then I was one of Judd's postcard girls, and with that I got into acting classes as well. The teacher was in the company with us, so I took classes while we toured. That was a long time ago. He became a well-known teacher in New York.

And then it was on to Radio City Music Hall with the Tour de Ballet. We did Ravel's "Bolero" and that was great. Four shows a day. The first show you're too cold, second show you're too hungry, third show you're too full, fourth show you're too tired.

Then I was a June Taylor Dancer with the Jackie Gleason show. That was hard work. Ooh, is she something.

There were a line of girls that started the show, 16 girls, and we danced. We did tap — everything — jazz, ballet, the whole bit. We did a lot of vaudeville-type dancing and then at the end we would all back up into this V and go, "Tada!" and Jackie Gleason would come out — that was the star.

There was one trick they always used. They had a camera with mirrors so that we'd lie on the floor and do all these things with our legs swinging around and stretching on the floor and it made a kaleidoscope, you know, the 16 dancers. That was always the part of the show before Gleason came out.

Oh yeah, he was a star. He was a star. He gave us orchids before the show. But he didn't rehearse. He learned his part, but let somebody else do the rehearsal. ... Yes, I've had a fun career.

*— interview by Danielle Mastropiero*

Gayle Parmelee
Loyola preparatory ballet program director

J.F.

L.K.

Robert Rowland
history professor

## Serendipity in Sardinia

The year I moved to Maryland, I applied for an NEH, National Endowment for the Humanities, grant to go to Sardinia, to visit particular places.

Before I left, there was a local news story that a local lawyer in Maryland had been made a judge. I don't know why, but his name caught my eye. I wasn't reading the story — it was just on a page and I noticed it was a Sardinian name. So I read the story. And he grew up the son of an immigrant in a little coal-mining town in Pennsylvania called Shenandoah, which is where I grew up. So I got I touch with him. At first he thought I was my father, who was the vice principle at the high school I went to.

Let me go back a step. One of the towns I was going to visit was called Fonni. And outside the town in a district called Sorrabile, was a Roman fort excavated more than a hundred years ago. That was one of the places I wanted to visit. It turned out that judge Cazule's father had emigrated from Sardinia, from the town of Fonni, where he left behind a brother who had children who still lived in Fonni.

I went and visited them. As a friend of Cugino Joe, I was given a marvelous lunch. And they asked why I was there and I told them that I wanted to visit the Roman fort, of which only one wall still remains. They said, "Fine, we'll take you out to show it to you. It's where we grow our tomatoes." They owned the land that I was going to go visit. It's the little coincidences that make life interesting. It's the small world phenomenon.

*— interview by Luke Kummer*

"If we're pretentious, you
just stupic

# A Cappella

Best of A Cappella Volume II, brought to you by that gross misallocation of SGA funds that is Aleph.

## The Peace Quad Wad: Not Quite 23 Other Ways to Spend 180,000 Dollars

1. Hello? Monroe (the building that resembles post-iceberg Titanic) is in dire need of renovation before we decide to stick a $180, 000 mock dinosaur bone skyward and level grass and tree to do it. Inconceivable! Now, regarding the poor appearance of the Monroe building, we could pay for a Hollywood studio to design a life-size, realistic cut out depicting a better building.
2. Build a dome over Loyola and make it a completely self-sufficient ecosystem.
3. Why put up a stone phallic symbol when you could buy a subscription to *Playgirl* for everyone on campus?
4. Buy 666,666.666 medium iced mocha's at Java Coast.
5. Pay real, live Jesuits to stand in the Peace Quad instead of a cold, marble monument.
6. Build a monorail to shuttle us to Tulane's better book selection and cheaper/healthier lunches.
7. 18,000 degrees from Sally Struther's correspondence courses in either management or accounting.
8. Pimp up Knoth's already fly G-ride with rims.
9. Cancel Tulane's lease.

## Four Years on the Fringes of the Pornographic: a Memoir of Catholic High School

Kierkegaard wrote that Christianity, like all "radical cures," is usually saved until all other options have been exhausted. It is a final remedy. In trudging my way through four years and sixteen thousand dollars worth of single-sex Catholic education, I have witnessed the bizarre tumult of prematurely bringing young men together in the attempt to imbue them with the virtues of Christ. I have brushed past the underbelly of a schoolboy's community: a degenerate stewpot of homoerotic obscenity unsurpassed by anything since the Greeks first clung together in their brotherhood.

The testicles became the crux of the body, its greeting point. And a typical "good morning" between two athletes passing in the hallway involved one squeezing the other's genitals, followed by a gruff and contrived, "sup." The hallway air was Spartan, intolerant of the unshaven and the shaggy-haired. Motivational literature hung everywhere. "Through Jesus, all things are possible." "Pain is weakness leaving the body." And some hazy lines about leadership being a virtue.

The word of God was as ubiquitous and as sempiternal as the grab-ass that carried on. Groping, mock copulation, and feigned orgasm. All for no other reason than a snicker and the assertion of ambiguous, suburban manhood. Outside, the afternoons boiled over into Dionysian frolics. Any stick or cardboard tube lying on the ground became a phallus to be swung and batted against the quiet, the gaunt-faced, or the quiz-bowl player.

My time within the primal ballet of the archdiocese ended abruptly and anticlimactically with my principal's handshake and the click of a flashbulb as I walked across the stage of the Pontchartrain Center. Given the four years I had just concluded, graduation immediately struck me as a ridiculous understatement, and I pictured a more fitting end: a pinch of the ass and a slobbery kiss. Before going down the steps with my diploma, I looked out at 250 of my classmates with their arms draped over one another. My coming of age in such a place has left me with an ear tuned to ironic moans and an eye cocked in expectancy for creeping hands. I sit here now, beneath the trees of smoker's alley, waiting fearfully for these old antics to enter into my periphery as they used to.

— *Sean Field*

**Staff**

**Aleph Advisor — Chris Chambers**
Kevin "Boots make me so horny!" Bay
Meriam "Mouth of the South" Benezra
Victory "V for Victory" Broussard
Jessica "That Curly Haired Bitch" Collier
Dan "Like a Rock" Feller
Sean "Build it and they will come" Field
Jeff "Father, I sinned with myself!" Guhin
Wesley "Drinking alone is A-OK" Harris
Adam "Sartre Says" Huberty
Milan "Brown Sugar" Hussey
Daniel "Hotlips" McKernan
Teddy Bare Perron
Michael "Satan is Unassuming Too" Rerick
Rachel "Is this a secret club now?" Ritter
Beth "Who's Ferlenghetti?" Robinson

Film Review

## Gorgeous: A Tragic Heroine is Born

It is so rare that we find suitable tragic heroines in motion pictures these days. A recent release from Caballero Home Video has, however, given us hope for the future.

The movie, *Gorgeous*, is the story of the tragic fall, recognition, and rebirth of a modern woman.

As the movie begins, Gorgeous is caught up in the deceptions of her friend. This friend, who is playing marriage broker for a wealthy man, has convinced Gorgeous that she must seek her fortunes housesitting for a wealthy, absentee landlord. Little does Gorgeous know, the wealthy landlord is, in fact, living on the property disguised as the gardener. He has no desire except to marry Gorgeous, but he cannot let her know that he is rich. She must love him for himself.

This ignorance of self and position leads to Gorgeous' tragic fall. She can only see a lowly gardener, and not the wealthy man beneath the surface. This failure to penetrate mere illusion leads her to resume her relationship with her unfaithful, rock 'n roll ex-boyfriend. When this relationship fails, once again, Gorgeous sinks into a pit of despair that not even random sex can relieve.

It is only when the wealthy "gardener" unveils himself to Gorgeous that she finally sees the light. She realizes that she has been foolish and has not really seen before. In this way, she is much like Oedipus. With her new sight, she sees the proper path. She marries "real" money. Gorgeous is a stunning tale of fall and redemption in the most perfectly Aristotelian sense. It is a must-see for all lovers of art, philosophy, and fine cinema. — *Adam T. Huberty*

A Dan Feller Poem

I.
I work nights at Super Fresh
I've quit and gone back 3 times.
Worst of all
On my nights off
I go there with my friends
And buy junk
And sit out front and talk.

II.
Take refuge in the warehouse
Comfort in the meat case.
Behind the cities in the isles
Are stock boys stacking freight,
Unionized for our protection,
Sanitized for yours.

## A Cartoon History of My Motivation

A friend in my English class sits across the row, having read a quaint passage by Machiavelli aloud to the class. After school he goes home and does all of his AP homework, then gets started on driving to a larger city where he makes a good sum of money playing in a band. He's a nice fellow, and he keeps himself occupied — no time left to drown in the misery of uselessness. I ask him how he stays active, finds the motivation to get from one activity to the other without someone else helpfully prodding him along in life. He doesn't know.

I'll be at work soon. I came home from school having passed up so many opportunities for things to do, but watched cartoons. Not even the good cartoons I've become addicted to. I ate a lot of food, drank a lot of caffeine, and after a while, lying immobile on the sofa, I discovered I couldn't summon the mental will to raise my hand up to fetch another sip from my coca-cola, sitting only three feet away. Three feet away. I just sat limply in the couch, arm flopped on the remote control, clicking my way through a moving picture of animated shapes and colors. I don't know how I got here, I just know that by six I'll be at work, and that before that I want to watch a few minutes of the really good cartoon show. This is all.

Abstractly, then, my life is composed of these things: cartoon show, and work. Work, despite its dreadful associations, is actually doing something, and for that I am grateful. I'll shed my emptiness and actually give myself over to those nice customers at the store — smiling, pretending I care about whether they are smiling; maybe try and open myself up to a few of them if I see a possibility for truth; but they simply don't make enough eye contact, you know.

Then lie patiently at the back of store while my ten-minute break melts quickly away, while I melt into inaction — and this time it's in a good way.

This is when you've f—ed up and you know it. When you can cleanly call yourself a f—up.

**click**

I decided to write a poem about the cartoons. Oh, if you're feeling like this is overly teenager work, I advise you to be a teenager. After all, you are reading this — wouldn't the most convenient thing for you to do be to conform and enjoy it? Yes, I think it would.

He's going to hurt,
Sitting there in the cloud-light,
When he sees everything he ever wanted was never there,
  gray and misty as the air exhaled
No matter how much both of them care.

He'll lose the smile,
She'll take the pain,
Soon, he'll crawl inside of what I am:
  pale limbs curled close to chest
Squinting question of man.

Run on! heart crying thick sanguine streams,
Don't stop until your legs are broken,
Yes, then you can fly.

**click**

*Boy:* When you want to cry, and are on the verge of letting the tears trickle down your rosy cheeks, but then you realize that you're getting what you want; Shannon, there's this tint of pleasure that creeps in with the sadness — no doubt associating pain with pleasure, later making you masochistic — and I can't cry any more. You try to focus on the pain again, grab at what was bothering you, but there's no use, you're too far gone — you have to think about it, now.

*Girl:* And we will think about the pregnancy, Johnny ... it's almost as though the whole life of another human being is mapped out before your thoughts — and when you connect it with abortion, it really does seem as though you're severing an entire human life; when tangible and abstractly, all you're doing is destroying dormant free-floating cells.

*Johnny:* I know, Shannon ... I know; so acceptable, and so painful. The pain that comes from the pleasure, the pleasure forms the pain. When is there motivation in That? I just want to cry about having made some poor girl pregnant with something that's one-third me, and one-third stupidity.

(Shannon doesn't really understand. Johnny Bravo looks down on her through his tears, bothering his own state by organizing little tidbits around the room amid various karate-related exclamations.)

*Minnie Mouse (like a singing canary)*: Well, Johnny, you rant and rave about how there aren't any good answers unless you're drenched in apathy, and at that point the only questions come from ME.

*Mickey Mouse*: Too many too easy, then.

*Minnie*: To reside somewhere between apathy and emotion — to divide yourself between the questions and the answers, is that the way it goes for clean-cut easy living?

*Mickey*: You mean just Feeling, Shannon?

*Minnie*: Yes, Johnny ... Feeling.

*Mickey*: Feeling's what got us here. (He politely pats her belly.) It's the last one-third I'm worrying about. I don't know if it can handle another one.

*Roadrunner (speeding down the highway)*: What are you talking about, Johnny?

*Wile E. Coyote (tongue flapping in the breeze)*: Whether or not the environment can handle another child in this world. I just don't know how much more the earth can take. It's so close.

*Robin:* Johnny, you have to remember, despite it all.

*Batman (stoic low voice)*: Yes, Shannon?

*Robin:* I love you!

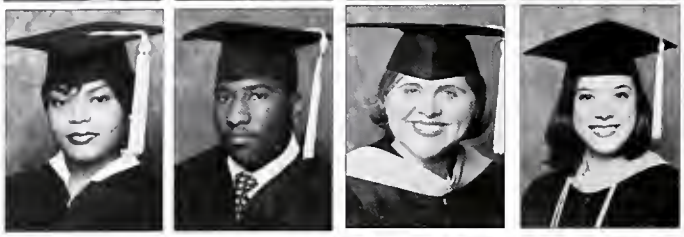
*Huckleberry Hound*: Oh, good Lawd, I Luv You, too! And it feels so beyootiful! I wan ta flah!"

— *An excerpt from Mike*

# Seniors

Gregorio Anonas
Lisa Bodon
Jenny Bond
Todd Bradley

Okema Brooks
Talib Burrell
Erin Cansler
Jacqueline Chase



Katie Clark
Jodi Clement
William Couret
Patrick Cousins, S.C.

Isabella Dassum
Maria Jasmin De La Cruz
Rachel Delatte
Josimayra Diaz

## Erin Cansler

### English writing and communications senior and Biever RA

Erin Cansler spends a lot of time singing in the shower. It's a little time at the beginning of her hectic day to sing the knee-slappers she learned in Catholic Grade School like "Amazing Grace" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

That's really all the quiet time she gets. She's got a challenging double-major in English writing and broadcast communications, is a leader in the Awakening Community (she was rector fall semester), LUCAP's public relations chair and helps tutor children and adults in reading. Her other important tasks involve watching professional wrestling, nurturing an unhealthy and perhaps ungodly love of boy bands, cooking, crafting and maintaining an earnest contemplation of the comic profundity and universal significance of Scooby-Doo.

And she loves all of it. But if she had to pick the one involvement she's most proud of, it would be her work with Residential Life. A Desk Assistant in her sophomore year, Erin has been a pretty darn good Residential Assistant for the past two years. And it's because she's got the love.

"I have an amazing connection to the campus," she says. "I love to be a resource to all the students in the halls. Being an RA, I provide a real service. I have to love my girls." And that's something to sing about.

*— Jeff Guhin*

D.B.

## Khai Nguyen

### LASO president and computer information systems senior

D.B.

"Diversity is very important and Asian students, as a minority, are often not heard and not seen. I want to change that," says Khai Nguyen, computer information systems senior.

Khai has worked toward this goal in 2000-2001 by leading the Loyola Asian Student Organization as president and by being an active and vocal member of the Loyola family. Khai helped make LASO an organization that provides Asian students an opportunity to celebrate their heritage and exposes other students to Asian culture.

Khai participated in the Diversity Champions meetings and extended his work beyond campus as a member of the Intercollegiate Asian Organization. He also serves his local New Orleans East community by mentoring several high school students.

As for aspirations, Khai says he wants to work for a year after he graduates next December. Beyond that, he wants either to go to law school or get a master's degree in business management.

Someday he hopes to move to Texas and open a nightclub where, of course, he will feature evenings of line dancing. "I like to entertain," Khai says.

But does he like to line dance? "On occasion."

*— Luke Kummer*

## Joseph Jones

SGA vice president and economics senior

Joseph Jones could make a dentist in Hershey, Pa., look like a couch potato. Although it may seem all of his energy goes toward being second man in Loyola's Student Government Association, the economics senior has his hands in everything from alcohol awareness to playing golf.

Jones also tries to make sure less fortunate students get the same opportunities he had. He recently established the PB&J Scholarship Foundation with a couple of friends to help high school students attend the annual Louisiana Association of Leadership Councils. He also volunteers at elementary schools and junior highs with the volunteer group Junior Achievement.

Working with SGA this year was rewarding for Joseph. "It was the most fun and productive group of people I've ever worked with," he says, which is a major compliment when you consider how much he is involved with.

Aside from being SGA VP, Joseph serves as chief justice for the Loyola University Court of Review, president of the Southeastern Interfraternity Council, president of Loyola's Interfraternity Council, chaplain for the Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity, senior counselor for the Louisiana Association of Student Councils and has earned his certification in the alcohol education program Training for Intervention Procedures. He is also a member of BSU, Alpha Kappa Psi business frat and the LU Gold Association.

Joseph thinks SGA's biggest hardship this year was dealing with the tuition increase. "I think we got the message across that we aren't going to blindly let things happen," he says. He thinks the key for Loyola's future is for administrators, faculty and students to interact and communicate more openly.

After graduation, Joseph plans to go to Europe, get a job, go to graduate school and become a politician, but not necessarily in that order.

*— Matt Walter*

Neil Digiovanni
Wayne Emilien
Misty Faucheux
Adele Furin

Kelly Gabler
Deborah Garmon
Joshua Garnier
Melanie Guillory

Juan Hanze
Michael Harvey
Ryan Harvey
Brent Hernandez

## Lauren Wannemuehler

LUCAP chairwoman and piano pedagogy senior

D.B.

Lauren Wannemuehler has seen the glory of the coming of the lord. First-hand in Nicaragua, actually, in a movement known as liberation theology.

"The people are the church," she says. "It's such a radical thing, but it's a step in the right direction. It should not be just something that happens in Latin America."

Raised by a progressive nun mother and seminarian father, Lauren has grown adept at recognizing exactly what in Catholicism is due for a tune-up.

"There's the idea of inclusive language," she says. "I'm not saying that women should be ordained tomorrow, but you got to look toward the future. And the church needs to give more attention to the poor. You can't just go to church and put your money in the basket and leave."

As LUCAP chairwoman, Lauren manages about 10 projects and acts as a go-between for other Loyola justice groups. As head of Project CARE she has worked with kids in transitional housing, spoken on commitment and reconciliation at Awakenings retreats and for four years has protested against the School of the Americas at Fort Benning, Ga.

"All the Jesuit universities go," she says. "Basically we just kind of stand outside the gates, listen to music, give speeches ... acting like hippies for a weekend. It's pretty fun."

Lauren plans on joining the Jesuit Volunteer Corps after graduation, where she can continue her war against religious passivity.

"It's frustrating," she says. "Sometimes I think this work is never going to get me anywhere, but then I think it will.

"People in society today want fast results. Things aren't always that cut and dry," she says. "We're just laying the seeds for the foundation of change in society." *— John Metcalfe*

# Seniors

Marisa Hodgett
Ryan Holmes
Aileen Hurst
Sherida Jackson
Eric James
Roxanne Jewett
Joseph Jones

Jennifer Judson
Laura Kenny
Erica Kinler
Acquanetta LeDuff
Wayne Lewis
Daryll Manning
Maria Martin

Kristy May

## Ryan Holmes

### SGA president and music education senior

Relax, take a deep breath and sing a happy song. You might wind up SGA president. At least that's the Ryan Holmes story.

Ryan, a music education senior, can be seen many a day lighting up the Peace Quad with his lively salutations and cheery ditties. Although best known as Prez, Holmes's commitments extend wider than his smile.

This year alone he's been part of the University Choral, Chorus, Phi Alpha Theta (history is his minor) and the BSU, in addition to his conspicuous service as commander-in-chief. After hours, Holmes keeps just as busy with Mental Metropolis, his hip-hop band, because when it comes to hopping, Holmes certainly goes beyond the call of duty. He is songwriter, producer, vocalist, emcee and occasionally trumpet player for the group.

"I love life," said Holmes, "and as an undergrad, this is the last time I get to do this." And according to many, his exuberance has been contagious, sparking a grand change in SGA as well as Loyola. But Holmes doesn't feel that he alone has been responsible for the surge that swept campus this year.

"I really don't feel it was me," he said. "What I did was brought a vision and the student body as a whole bought into that vision and decided they were going to make that change themselves."

Although Holmes found his presidency rewarding, it wasn't always a cakewalk, he said, citing SGA's defeat in the battle against an 8 percent tuition increase as the greatest adversity they faced. He credits the accomplishments of this year's SGA to overwhelming support from students.

"When we thought we couldn't go on anymore and we just wanted to quit, we had 5,500 reasons not to."

Ryan will student teach to complete his degree in fall 2001 and expects to graduate in December. After that, he hopes to take a semester off and then attend graduate school.

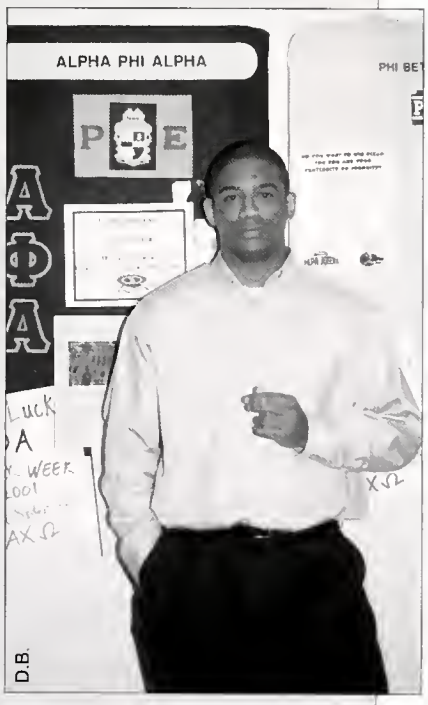
*— Danielle P. Mastropiero*

Claire McCarthy
Steven McLaughlin
Matthew Mistretta
Lisa Moree
Sharon Moretti
Jerry Morris
Leslie Muse

Roselyn Musundi
Laurie Ohlsson
Dung Pham
Tara Picou
Simone Pitre
Laura Pittman
Christine Poindexter

## Wayne Emilien

### New Hall RA and computer science senior




Wayne Emilien's room looks a lot like his life — hectic, a little disordered and full of people.

Just try to spend 15 minutes alone with him in his room. It won't happen. Ryan Holmes will probably be there, teasing him into paying for Burger King. The girl he's dating will drop by with his jacket. A distraught resident will stop in looking for help. And the phone will ring about three times.

"I've been very available for people," he says.

Wayne started out as a sociology major.

"I wanted to change the world," he says.

He's a computer science major now, but he still wants to change the world.

"I want to do something I love and use that as my vehicle," he says.

As active as Wayne is in Alpha Phi Alpha, the International Student Association, the Black Student Union and, most importantly, intramural basketball, it's hard to believe he still finds time to be social or to care as much about his residents as he does.

But when anyone has a problem on the fifth floor of the New Res Hall, they come to Wayne. Or they call. Or they walk in unannounced during an interview. And he solves it.

"I'm not really that influential, I just know a lot of people."

Don't kid yourself, Wayne.

*— Elizabeth Buchta*

## Daryll Manning

### SGA congressperson at large and communications senior

In his senior year at Loyola, Darryl Manning has served as SGA congressperson at large, Black Student Union gala chairman, Wolves on the Prowl co-chair and chair for the Loyola Riverboat event. The communications student has also found time to write a biweekly opinion column for *The Maroon*.

Manning continues to be active in the Loyola community because he feels that being involved enhances the college experience. He also feels working with campus groups has helped to prepare him for the future, teaching him how to work better with others and making him more stronger and spiritual.

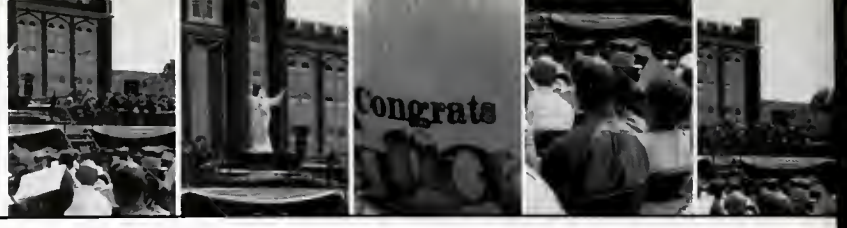
He says his favorite part of Loyola is the people, both students and faculty. He feels his teachers have encouraged him, but his friends have helped him make it through the last four years. "The Peace Quad is like my sanctuary after classes," he says, because walking through it he can see many of his friends.

One of the high points of Daryll's year has been the response he's gotten from his column. He saw the reaction that some of his columns produced, and was happy he had spread some issues and perhaps had influenced some people.

The details of his future plans vary from day to day, but overall he intends to try to attend a four-year graduate program at NYU and would like to some day be a feature writer for a major magazine.

*— Mary Chauvin*

# Seniors




Anthony Pollard
Emily Powers
Jamie Price

Chantae Recasner
Shannon Regeci
Christian Reneke

Karla Rodriguez
Belen Ruiz de Pellon
Jessica Shay

## Krystina Lopez de Quintana

### Panhellenic Council president and philosophy and political science senior

Krystina Lopez de Quintana has had a busy four years. As a freshman, she worked as an ambassador and began her four-year-stint as a member of the Loyola society of dance. That year she also joined Delta Gamma sorority.

The philosophy and political science major has since spent two years on SGA's Court of Review, joined the political science honor society Pi Sigma Alpha and served on the Panhellenic Council as a rush counselor and as rush counselor coordinator. Her work with Panhel culminated this year with her serving a term as president.

Krystina traces her involvement with the Panhel to her freshman year when she had friends in many different sororities and wanted to be involved in a way that pulled all of them together. One of her main goals as a student leader has been getting Greek students involved in more non-Greek activities.

She says that Loyola has prepared her for the future both academically and socially. She feels that her teachers have encouraged her to excel while her organizational work has given her experience working with people with different personalities and leadership styles.

Krystina's plans for future include going to law school. While she is still waiting from various schools, she thinks she will attend Penn State. She would like to practice entertainment law because of her interest in the arts and her work with dance at Loyola.

*— Mary Cha*

## Rosina Roibal

### Green Club president and music education senior

L.K.

While every Miss America wants to save the environment and work for world peace, few can keep up with music education senior Rosina Roibal in social activism.

Rosina uses her presidency of the Green Club/ Environmental Action Committee — and her board membership in LUCAP — to make Loyola and the world a better place for all.

That is, unless you're someone who's really set on exploiting children and polluting.

This year, Rosina fought the death penalty with Moratorium 2001, helped expand our recycling program, brought Gaia Fest to Loyola and converted many meat-eaters to more humane diners in the MeatOut.

Besides giving Abbie Hoffman a run for his money, Rosina dedicates the rest of her time to another love. She is a violist in the Loyola Symphony, the Loyola Chamber Orchestra, the Mozart Quintet and a member of the rock group Amerigo. She says that playing with the band has been one of the greatest experiences of her life.

Rosina plays guitar and Flamenco dances as well.

"My life is my music and my activism and organizing," she says.

Her long-term plans include teaching music, getting back to her Albuquerque roots and staying active in the community.

"I feel like I have a lot of power as a human being," Rosina says. "If I'm not using that power, I feel like I'm just a waste of space." *— Luke Kummer*

August Smith
Dannika Stevenson
Elizabeth Stuart
Brandy Tant
Coretta Thomas
Michael Toledano
Robert Treadway

U'nita Twiggs
Brandy Valteau
Patricia Villanueva
Destenie Vital
Jacquelyn Wilneff
La'Tesha Wilson-Drewery
John Woollis

Monique Yohoros
Miyong Yu

D.B.

## Robert Treadway and Thomas Landry

communications seniors and
*The Maroon* staff members

Rob Treadway had the reporting experience. Tom Landry had the patience to say "I'm sorry" 200 times daily.

As editor and PR manager, respectively, these two brought a high measure of professionalism into Loyola's weekly newssheet during fall 2000. Landry, who came to Loyola to get his third degree, quickly established control over *Maroon* events, sponsoring fund-raisers such as the NO/AIDS Walk with SGA and creating Free Speech Alley, which, despite the foreboding presence of police, proved a peaceful and stimulating affair that will continue into the next semester.

For his part, Rob worked at expanding *The Maroon*'s news scope and fine-tuning its creativity.

"[When I came in] It was boring. So I wanted color, I wanted bigger issues, more issues, better design ... which we did," he says. "I also had a great news editor [Crystal Bolner] who would grab onto anything that she thought was news, and we pretty much got everything."

He sought to avoid "stale" news, the kind that inbreeds endlessly within the communications building. "We did the Law School, did biology, did a bunch of different things," he says.

"People want to read things that are interesting, not the same old crap, you know?"

Rob is, to all accounts, the first *Maroon* editor to put out six issues in one month. And he gives credit where credit is due.

"You'd think editor-in-chief would have power, but no ... I did whatever the staff needed to get their job done."

Tom, who at first thought this journalist was a bill collector and *The Wolf* was a credit card, is equally modest when it comes to his influence at Loyola. Yet when you put together the events *The Maroon* cosponsored last fall, the tally exceeds that of SGA's.

Tom has since left Loyola to seek a Ph.D. in interior architecture, and Rob will be honing his conservative edge this summer at *The Washington Times.*

*— John Metcalfe*

# Juniors

Theresa Chardos
Miriam Denis-Harper
Jason Dupuy
Ashley Gibb

Fatima Harris
Marielyn Hogarth
Shira Hussain
Richard Imsais

Lauren Landwerlin
Chamekia McCoy
Marc Paradis
Ryan Pastorek

Ryan Pierce
Brian Roddy
Paula Shaffer
Peter David Soliman

Saul Sontolongo
Altreca Stark
Nathan Tape
Catherine Umerah

Lauren White
Susan Ybarra

## P. David Soliman

Alpha K... Psi founder

Dave Soliman is a frat bo... color. Well, two — navy and gold.

For the finance and manage... forefather of Alpha Kappa Psi, Loyola's fledgling business fraternity, it's r... year." Soliman, whose other involvements include working as Nightwa... Hall Council and participation in several internships and junk... ded AKP with a motto as relative to professional wrestling as to n... anizations:

"If you don't like how things are going, ... up or do something about it." — *Danielle P. Mastropiero*

## William "Charlie" French

computer science and music junior

The most important thing for Charlie French is to make friends and keep things in perspective.

"It's easy to lose contact with people," he says. "But it's important to keep your social contacts and stop and look around. People get too overcome with their image."

Charlie's socializing does not seem to hold him back. As a music major, he plays the trumpet and piano with the Loyola Band and Brass Ensemble. And as a computer science major, he is the president of the Java Club and the Association for Computing Machinery, and is often the spokesperson for the department.

Charlie cares about his department, spending time speaking to prospective students about computer science at open houses and tutoring freshmen. Next year, he will be a Teacher's Assistant for a freshmen-level computer science course.

"It is a tough industry to keep up with," he says. "It changes every semester."

Through the ACM, he tries to get students in his department away from their computer screens every once in a while, organizing trips to Brass hockey games and movie nights.

Charlie spent last summer in San Francisco working as an intern on a new software program called "flyswat" (sometimes referred to as QuickClick) that allows cybersurfers to click on any word on a Web page and instantly get more information. Next summer, he will intern with IBM in North Carolina.

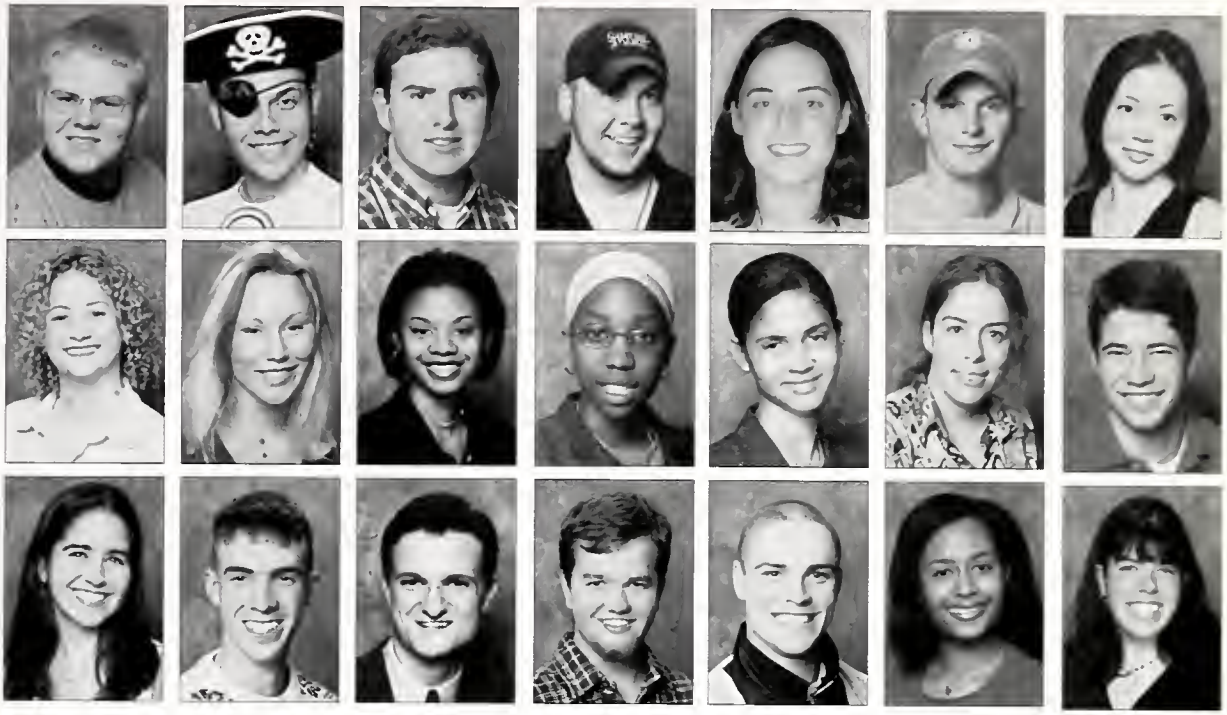
After graduation, he plans to go to graduate school and get his master's degree, but he hasn't decided where.

His philosophy of life is simple: "Be nice, keep your friends."

— *Matt Walter*

# Sophomores

eremy Ancalade
ames Asmus
lexander Beguiristain
ohn Bellows
rystal Bolner
uston Broussard
Vendy Chen
atherine Chopin
isty Coty
anika Diggs
risti Farmer
eanda Fields
ngela Fyssas
athan Gaudet
onica Gongora
harles Griggs
effrey Guhin
ichael Hagen
n Kincaid
esley LeBlanc
isa Lester



## Plan B

Comedy troupe

(Rick Malphrus, James Asmus, Tiffany Terrell, Tom Mackey, Zach Taylor, Matt "Chico" McMullan, Anthony LeBlanc and Jenn Carriere)

Plan B is changing their apparently quite popular name.

The comedy group's got two movies, a few bands, an abortion pill that made them all a bit squeamish, and, to top it all off, another comedy troupe in New York that's getting pretty big. Plan B, they decided, has got to go.

So they brought the list down to two names: Boxaganga and Poop.

Their first instinct was to go with poop, but after the crucial "400 times in front of fourth-graders" test, they decided to go with the old Italian word *boxaganga* because it sounds neat.

They made the decision like they do everything else.

Boxaganga, composed of five sophomores (Rick Malphrus, James Asmsus, Tiffany Terrell, Tom Mackey and Zach Taylor), two seniors (Matt "Chico" McMullan and Anthony LeBlanc) and lone junior Jenn Carriere, insists there is no leader.

They all write, direct, produce and act and have been since the group was founded in January 2000.

This past year they've done about two shows of original skits, improv and music a semester, each characterized by clever wordplay, absurd situations and good timing. You won't find any contemporary lampoons, however, since Boxaganga prefers skits that can be reused two years from now.

This is partly because they're thinking long-term (a lot of these folks want to go pro) and also because they're just plan lazy (a lot of these folks are drama majors).

And speaking of drama and long-rerm, Anthony and Chico are leaving Loyola for bigger stages.

The group will have its final goodbye show, a musical, on May 14, with proceeds going to Loyola's music therapy program.

After that, they'll work on a CD and getting a stage show ready to produce in the New Orleans area.

*— Jeff Guhin*

# Sophomores

Thomas Mackey
Elizabeth Marcello
Percy Marchand
Theresa Nguyen
John Palka
Eritria Pitts
Jenell Rayford

Ryan Richardson
Chandra Sathish
Jason Smith
Christy Stipelcovich
Renee Syll
Holly Theode
Jeanette Velery

Erica Wahden
Teyanna Walker
Nicole Williams

# Organizations

Tax & Estate Planning Review

Left to right: Gerald Shields, the Rev. Lawrence Moore, S.J., and Dalia Matheus

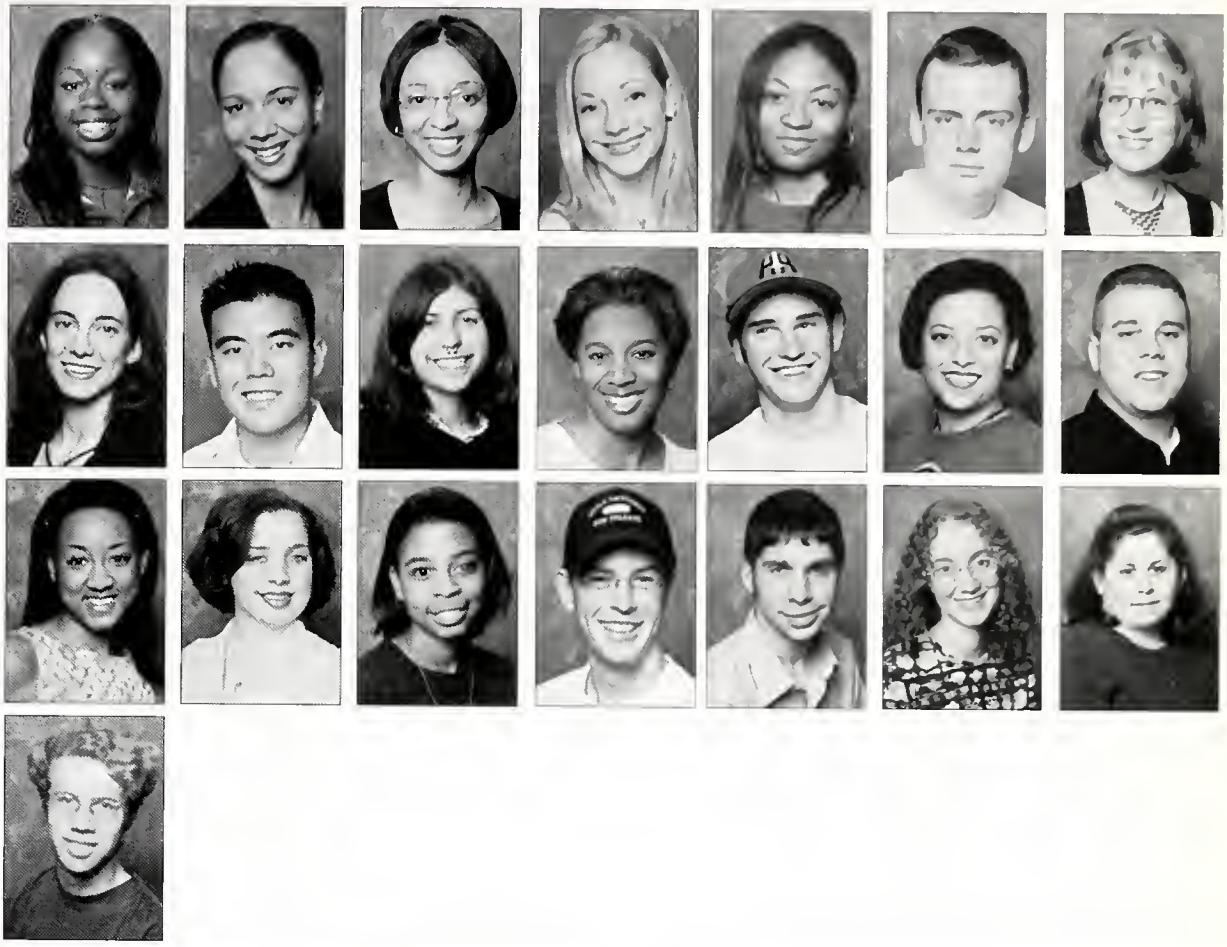
# Freshmen

Barras, Sophia
Boucard, Kisha T.
Broussard, Dominique
Champagne, Caroline
Copelin, Eyango
Duffey, Kevin
Fiser, Elizabeth

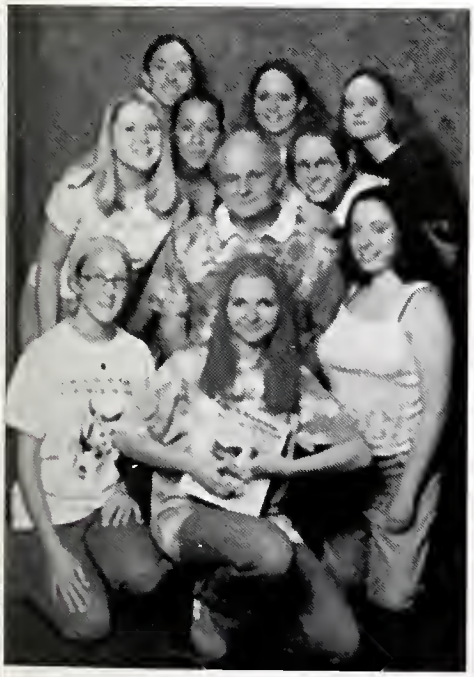
Fleming, Tiffany
Gapultos, Glenn
Gonzales, Alexia
Hawkins, Brandy
Kennedy, Scott
LaBlanc, Christina
O'Quin, Matthew

Perrault, Christine
Pervel, Emily
Richard, Camille
Spindel, Nicholas
Thibodeaux, Brandon
Votano, Margarita
Walden, Nadia

Williams, Colin

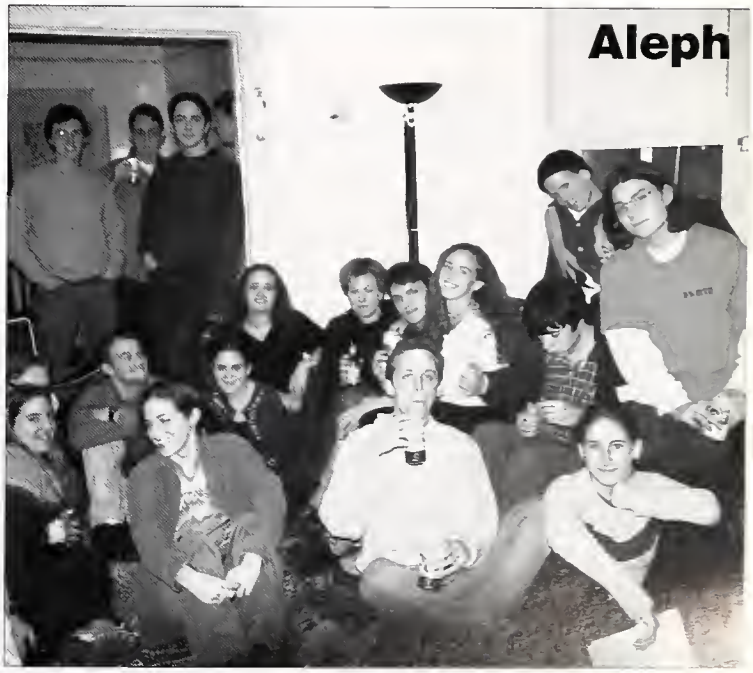


# Organizations



## Greens Club

Back row: Adrienne Frisbee, Erin Cunningham and Sheila Sullivan; middle row: Suzanne Digmone, Teresa Fernandez, John Clark and Amanda Nalley; front: Lynne Holcombe, Rosina Roibal and Jessica Lemoine.



# Law/Grad students

Richard Alford
Paula Ates
Ansel Augustine
George Beguiristan
Oyinliola Benn
Donald Blum
Ray Canzoneri

Bradley Cashio
Tiera Caston
Leighton Ciravolo
Michael Cokley
Ava de Montagne
Milan Drinic
Justina Ehiawaguan

Stephen Hanemann
Sonia Hendry
Zhouqun Huang
Fletcher Hyacinth
Neil Jurgensen
Kristen Kenney
Scot Labourdette

Erica Lee
Shawn Lindsay
Dalia Matheus
Michael Morales
Donald Naylor
Paul Odenwald
Raleigh Ohlmeyer

Paul Pendley
Shawn Redman
Andrea Ribando

## Eve Vavrick
SBA President

Eve Vavrick, president of the Student Bar Association, has cracked the secret of student government. "We complain about everything," she says.

The formula works. The third-year civil law student has run SBA's finances with an oiled precision this year. She also brought a much-needed humanism into the administration.

Upon making the presidency, she reorganized the SBA office to reflect an aura of openness and amiability. "Some people would be terrified asking questions," she says. "Now they can come in and know that the boa[illegible]n help them."

Much of Eve's en[illegible]ent toward incoming freshmen. She worried that the competiti[illegible]of the Law School intimidated younger scholars. As a st[illegible]ssador, she tried to present a kinder, gentler side of colle[illegible]ive Loyolites. Eve also helped start a course outline [illegible]A office so freshmen could know exactly what they w[illegible].

This year Eve targeted even you[illegible] Boo at the Zoo, raising 25,000 pieces of candy to distribute to trick or treating children at Audubon Zoo. She took Boy's Hope youngsters to Sheriff Foti's haunted house, where they were terrified and delighted by masked psychopaths running around with chainsaws.

Other of Eve's activities include cosponsoring with Campus Ministry to put on "Maxims, Monarchy and Sir Thomas Moore," a one-man play about the life of the saint, and presiding as vice president over the Saint Thomas Moore Catholic Law Student Organization.

Eve leaves Loyola wishing she did more.

"I didn't get half of what I wanted to do done," she says. "[But] A lot of people told me I changed the atmosphere."

*— John Metcalfe*

Jeffrey Rogyom
Robert Santee
Gerald Shields
Georgianne Sims
Kate Sinn
Richard Spector
Shannon Swaim

Edward Trapolin
Eve Vavrick
Scott Winstead
Sara Wood
Lisa York

## *The Wolf*

*(clockwise from bottom left)*

Robert Treadway

Luke Kummer

Kristy May

Lasha Harden

John Metcalfe

Danielle Mastropiero

*(not pictured)*

Jennifer Nguyen

Justin Moody

Liz Scott

**We love you all!**
**Goodnight!**

# The Fish-head Conspiracy

Of all the events of the past year, the presidential election probably sparked the most controversy both across the nation and here at Loyola. The situation in Florida certainly perked the ears of conspiracy theorists, especially since Baby Bush has an influence there. However, as any good theorist knows, scandals as public as that seldom lead to the real meat. They are usually, as this one surely was, cover-ups for goings on even more menacing than the idea of having a blubbering twit as a world leader.

The same is true for the speculations about W's past involvement with drug running and shady dealings with certain oil corporations. I assure you that, while he may have the muscle, he hasn't the intelligence to mastermind any such schemes any better than he can manage the country.

As a figurehead, though, he is powerful. And as a chump, he is as easily taken advantage of as a freshman at a frat party. Pity George W., for he is as much a helpless pawn in a worldwide conspiracy as the millions of pitiable wretches who will suffer by it.

**Saddam Hussein, despite the propaganda in our country denouncing him as a tyrant, is in fact a kind of hero. If he were only interested in the oil in Kuwait, he would not have had his troops set those oil fires.**

One mustn't forget who W's father is, and the kind of disappointment he must have felt at having a son so inept. George Sr., as we all remember, was in the oil business in West Texas long before he entered public office. He co-founded the Zapata Petroleum Corporation in 1953, and became president of the Zapata Off-Shore Company in the following year. Though he later sold his interest in the company, he apparently had something to protect, as he demonstrated by attacking Iraq in 1990.

We also know that George Sr. is vehemently opposed to anything that even smells left win[illegible] 1964, the first time he ever ran for public office, he went for a [illegible]nate seat but was defeated by a liberal democrat. Ever since, he [illegible]d a near psychotic hatred of the left. For example, during his [illegible]rm as vice president, he helped sell arms to contras opposing [illegible] Nicaraguan regime. Curiously enough, it was during his re[illegible]ident that the Soviet Union fell.

It's understandable that a man who spent [illegible]ng money off the destruction of the environment and the op[illegible] the lower classes would oppose programs that would make his tyrannical control over our resources less effective. His opposition to the left seems excessive, though, often leading to his involvement in covert operations. But how does this tie in with his son's election and the situation in Kuwait? What did Bush have to protect in Kuwait, and why did Hussein want it?

Saddam Hussein, despite the propaganda in our country denouncing him as a tyrant, is in fact a kind of hero. If he were only interested in the oil there, he would not have had his troops set those oil fires. No, he was trying to throw a kink in the machinery of Bush's Kuwaiti khwimish harvest.

Khwimishes, as we all know, are a race of small, transgendered, fishlike beings that live beneath the desert sands of Kuwait and have been used for years for mind control. These are what Hussein was trying to destroy with the oil fires, to prevent Bush's eventual complete world domination.

Bush had already controlled the presidency for eight years before he was elected. The kwhimishes, you see, burrow into the heads of their victims, making them susceptible to mind control. The only drawback, if it can be called that, is that their brains eventually become like jelly, only less tasty. No wonder Ronald Reagan is having trouble remembering things. And that was no birthmark on Gorbachev's dome — a kwhimish scar, I'm sure.

George Sr. isn't completely heartless, of course. Ronnie Reagan beat him out for the Republican nomination, so the kwhimish trick was more like revenge. I don't predict him using one on Jeb Bush, both because Jeb doesn't show as much promise as a ruthless tyrant (his execution by lethal injection score is still way behind W's), and because Jeb actually has a brain. George Sr. knew W wouldn't be losing much if he lost his reasoning faculties.

So George Sr., still fuming about that first fated senatorial campaign, won his son the presidential election with the intention of resuming his place as a world leader through the powers of his son and completing his crusade for worldwide domination and the destruction of the world's political left.

Watch out, Jesuits. That means you're next. — *Wesley Harris*

# From the Desk of the Prez

*Dear Student Body:*

In these last days as Student Government Association President, I write to you this letter of my thoughts. First, on behalf of SGA, I would like to thank you for your support during the year and also let you all know that it has been a pleasure serving you. Your words of encouragement have been heartwarming and have assured us in SGA that we were, in fact, doing something right.

As I look back on the year, I can remember having theories and goals, and with your patience and belief in SGA the majority of those goals were attained. It does my spirit well to see more interaction between the members of the Loyola community, to see the boundaries between colleges slowly but surely crumble, to see students realize that we do have a voice as long as it is one of unison, and to witness all organizations working toward the common goal of peace and community.

When the leaders of SGA went on retreat at the beginning of the year, it seemed as though we left New Orleans as individuals fighting for a common cause. When we returned, however, we were one unit set on making an all-out attempt to serve the student body to the best of our ability. It was upon our return that the phrase "As the Community is, so am I" was born. While it would be impossible to list the many things we've done this year, I would be doing an injustice to the members of SGA if I did not mention some of these accomplishments.

The Wolves on the Prowl outing went well under the direction of Daryll Manning and Mike Karam. This was a time for members of the Loyola family to reach out to the community and have our presence felt in a New Orleans public school. Our being there on that Saturday was more than just a day of painting and beautification. A connection was formed, letting the school's students, faculty and staff know that Loyola University cares.

On a more internal note, it brings me joy to know that the budget allocation process went extremely well. While there were a few organizations that had some complaints, it is important to note that every requested journal was funded 100 percent and we were also able to fund at least partial travel for every organization that needed it.

The freshman of SGA contributed by giving the university SGTV, which lets the university community see SGA representatives working on issues that concern us all. It is this kind of initiative that lets me know there are students among us who realize the best way to help yourself is to help the community. SGA was also able to form a relationship with the Faculty Senate and through this we were able to see that students and staff actually have things in common. Some of the same things that trouble students cause discomfort among the faculty, and it is vital for the two to get on the same page in order to continue to construct an environment of harmony.

In working with administration, I am proud to say that we were able to increase representation on both the University Budget Committee and University Planning Team each by 200 percent. Father Knoth agreed to work with SGA on the matter and everything went just as I had hoped.

The TGIF's also helped with the change in atmosphere. When events like TGIF occur, everyone is given the opportunity to just be. Be as loud and crazy as you would like to and still realize that you are among family. That's what we are, right? Aren't we more than just individuals on a campus studying our respective disciplines? I think so. As a matter of fact, I know so, to the point that when I think about the many interesting people I've met and become friends with, and when I think of the countless hours I've spent on this campus, when professors I had three years ago still take time out of their busy days to have conversations with me as though I never left their class, and when I think of the shoulders I've had to lean on to get me through the tough times, I know I am with family.

I urge all who are a part of Loyola to cherish that sense of family, to make yourselves vulnerable to those around you in hopes that all will grow closer than the day before, and to spread the love of God throughout the campus like never before.

Once again, thank you for all you've done for me, the rest of the members of SGA and also the Loyola community.

*With all my heart,*
*Ryan C. Holmes*

# The Story In-Store

In the spring of 1999, Julie Schumacher and I received a Richard Frank Grant to create a children's book.

As a writing major, I wanted the opportunity to try writing in a different genre. Julie, at the time a photojournalism major, wanted the chance to work with more artistic subjects. We planned to use color photographs and a once-upon-a-time storyline.

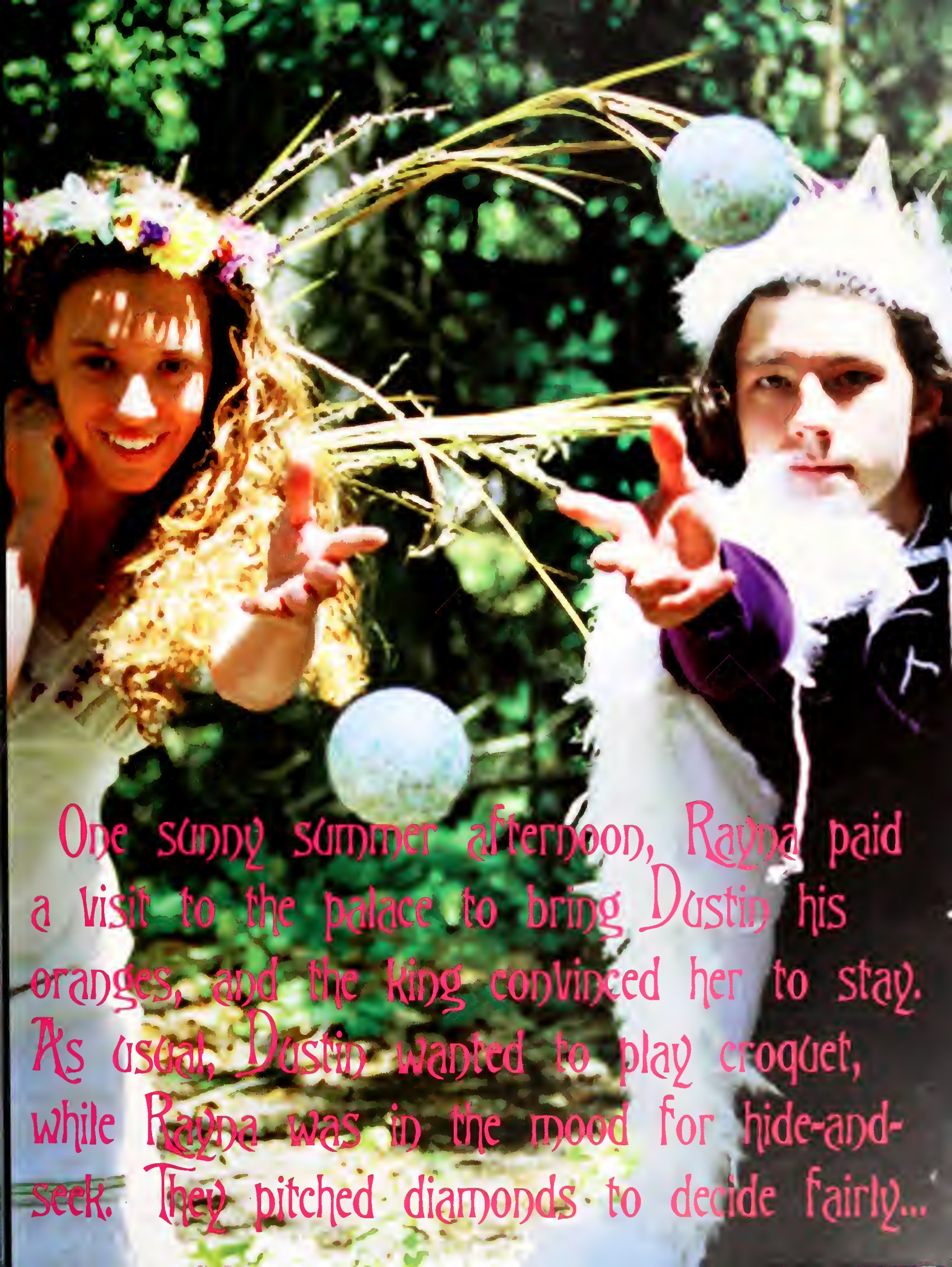
Before beginning the project, we searched the publishing market and other children's books. This research revealed that there were few children's books illustrated with color photos. We decided to use them regardless. Kids love vivid but fanciful realities, and Julie and I thought it could work.

While the story was still in raw form, we purchased the materials to create all of the costumes, props and sets for the photo shoots. Julie did the sewing for the costumes and constructed the props while I was writing.

We completed a few drafts and fleshed out the characters. Then we began shooting. After many Saturdays of trekking to Audubon Park and the Fly dressed in fairy clothing, we shot all of the photos. Then came the underestimated task of matching the best pictures with the story.

I'm still revising the story, and Julie is working on the final versions of the photos for our layout. We could not have gotten this far without the good-natured cooperation of our friends, who let us dress them up and take strange pictures of them.

*— Jessica Collier*



One sunny summer afternoon, Rayna paid a visit to the palace to bring Dustin his oranges, and the king convinced her to stay. As usual, Dustin wanted to play croquet, while Rayna was in the mood for hide-and-seek. They pitched diamonds to decide fairly...

## The Aspiring Swayze: an Impromptu Mad-Lib

Putting all pretenses aside about the diversity of our campus life, I will make a blunt statement: every Loyola student loves to drink. Alcohol is this university's passion. The following story chronicles a typical drunken weekend romp through Uptown. Fill in the blanks and oh how cute a little Mad-Lib it will be, celebrating our blazing excess.

1. an Uptown bar _____
2. an alpha male cliché _____
3. A loud offensive remark involving the word "pianist"

_____

4. a past-tense verb _____
5. your favorite Limp Bizkit song _____
6. a dorky character from a recent teen sex comedy

_____

7. a piece of barroom furniture _____
8. fraternity name _____
9. a past-tense verb _____
10. something big and fluffy _____
11. an Uptown street _____
12. another alpha male cliché _____
13. verb ending in "-ing" _____
14. your favorite Mexican dish _____
15. a transitive verb _____
16. yet another alpha male cliché _____

*— continued on page 44*